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The Sketch.



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The Sketch

No. 1028,—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1912.

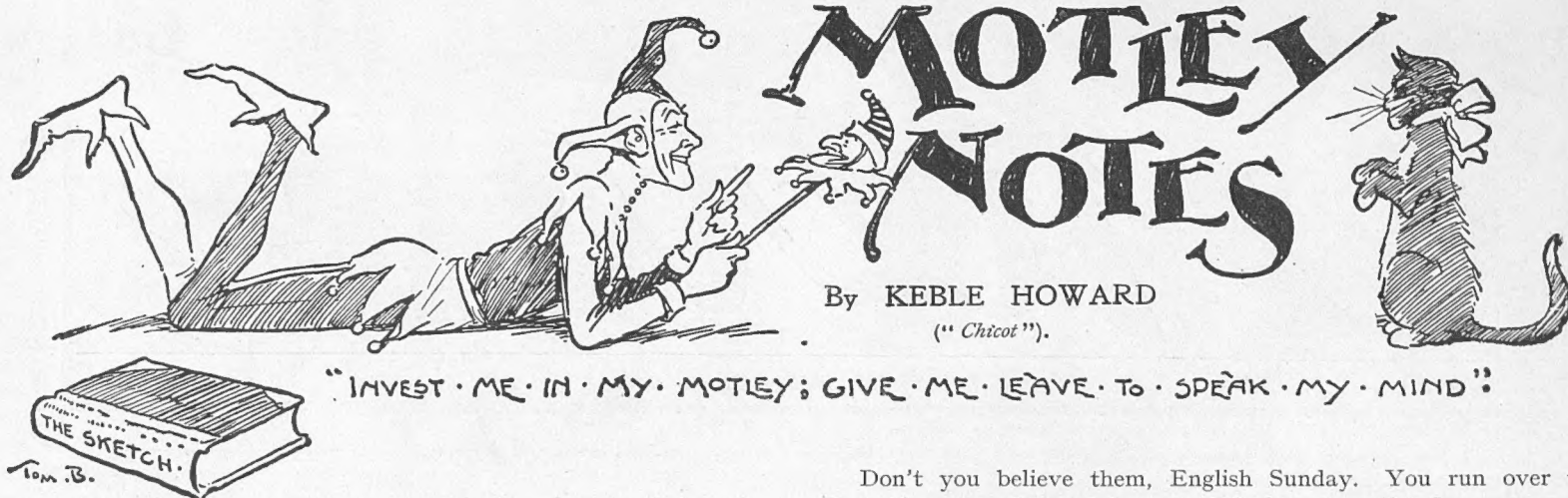
SIXPENCE.



BLOOMSBURYING IN ST. PETERSBURG: MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS BETTY BAKER
IN "THE GRASS WIDOWS," AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Minto's Betty Baker, of 2, Marine Parade, Bloomsbury, is a capital foil to Mr. Alfred Lester's Horace Dudman, alias Vodka.

Photograph by Bassano.



The Day of Contention.

There is still a little life, it seems, in the English Sunday as a newspaper topic. But I don't think there can be very much. Poor old English Sunday! How you have been railed at, and reviled, and jumped upon, to be sure! Your once respectable top-hat is battered out of all shape, your once shiny boots are now covered with mud, and your once irreproachable frock-coat is almost torn from your back! Even your bells, once so cheerful and confident, seem now to have taken a diffident tone. No longer do they say, in the prettily authoritative manner of old, "Come to Church! Come to Church! Come to Church!" The note of gentle command is gone, and, in its place, we have a timid, half-ashamed, "Here I am! Here I am! Here I am!"

Once upon a time, so they tell, you were known as the "Day of Rest." Fancy that! Can you remember it, poor old English Sunday? In the morning, the whole family, from Papa to little Mary, went to church. After church, the whole family, from Papa to little Mary, took a very little walk. After the little walk, the whole family, from Papa to little Mary, ate a very large dinner. After the very large dinner, Papa, Mamma, and most of the elders went to sleep. Little Mary and little Tom might play, ever so quietly, in the garden, but woe betide them if they were heard!

That was the sort of fellow you used to be, my poor friend! Can you remember it, shaking, quivering, belaboured, distracted English Sunday?

The Up-to-Date Sunday.

Let us see what sort of a fellow they have really made of you. You are more gaily dressed than of old; there is no doubt about that. Papa puts on yellow boots instead of black ones, flannel trousers instead of cloth ones, a shabby old coat instead of a carefully preserved one, and a soft felt hat instead of a tall black one. I don't suppose you mind that, do you, English Sunday? You know that poor Papa has to wear stiff and sober clothes all the week. I am quite sure you do not begrudge him the ease and comfort of his old clothes on the seventh day.

Mamma and the girls, however, have no such excuse. They can be as gay as they like all the week, and, vanity aside, there is really no reason why they should emulate the gaudiness of their maids on a Sunday. The maids, you see, are in the same category as Papa. They, too, have been compelled to wear working clothes all the week. It is great refreshment to them to don gay colours on Sunday. But I think it is too bad of Mamma and the young ladies to enter for the Rainbow Stakes on the seventh day when they have matters all their own way the other six. And not, really, such tremendously good form, eh? I am quite with you on that point.

As for Master Dick and Master Harold, they are off on their motor-bikes long before you begin your tiny, timid tinkle. True, they have a pillar of dust in front of them, and a pillar of dust behind them, but that is their sole contribution to the Day of Rest.

Your Continental Cousin.

Then they are always dinning it into you about your Continental Cousin. They keep on telling you what a jolly, lively, bright fellow he is as compared with your dingy, rusty self. He sparkles, they say. He dances. He flings himself into the air with a snap of the fingers, and alights, daintily, on one toe. In consequence, they tell you, he is as popular as you are detested. He does people good, whereas you only do them harm. He is a sensible, rational Sunday, whilst you are an old fogey, only fit for the company of other old fogeys. That is what they say about your Continental Cousin, is it not?

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Don't you believe them, English Sunday. You run over to Paris, for example, and have a look for yourself. Compare your Cousin's Parisian Sunday with the London variety that you have to offer. You will find that there is no such wonderful difference between you. Both of you close your shops, so that your streets, necessarily, have a forlorn and deserted appearance.

The restaurants are open in Paris on a Sunday, but so they are in London. The theatres—some of them—and the music-halls are open in Paris on a Sunday, but there is never quite the same spirit about them. Their audiences are not the same; the players are inclined to be spiritless. Your Continental Cousin has not much advantage over you in that respect. And you have this advantage over her. When your streets are naked, they need not be ashamed of their nakedness. They are, at any rate, clean. . . .

Cheer up, old English Sunday!

The Modern Schoolgirl.

Another topic that has come to the front lately is the modern schoolgirl. "An Old-Fashioned Father," it seems, saw a lot of modern school-girls returning to school, and was shocked to observe that their manners were rough, their faces sun-scorched, their hats ugly, and their voices loud. He proceeded to compare them, most unfavourably, with their mothers.

It is quite true, of course, that the modern schoolgirl is not brought up to be particularly attractive. Her voice *is*, on occasion, loud. Her manners *are*, sometimes, rough. Her hats *are not*, in term-time, very attractive. She does *not* take extraordinary care of her complexion when she goes to the seaside.

Really, though, I would advise "An Old-Fashioned Father" not to work himself into a fit over this question. If he would look a little deeper, he would find that the modern school-girl is a very good sort of young animal. She does not pretend to be a woman, still less a "young lady." When she is hungry, she says so, and she eats. My hat, how she eats! When she plays hockey, she plays to win, and, if her legs fly about all over the place, she can't help that. She is not thinking how she looks, but how she can help to get the ball through the goal. When she is excited—which happens pretty often—and wants to shout, she shouts. Why not? What are her lungs for? As for the school hat, all the other girls are in the same sort of hat. Besides, *there's nobody about to charm*

Comfort for "Shocked One."

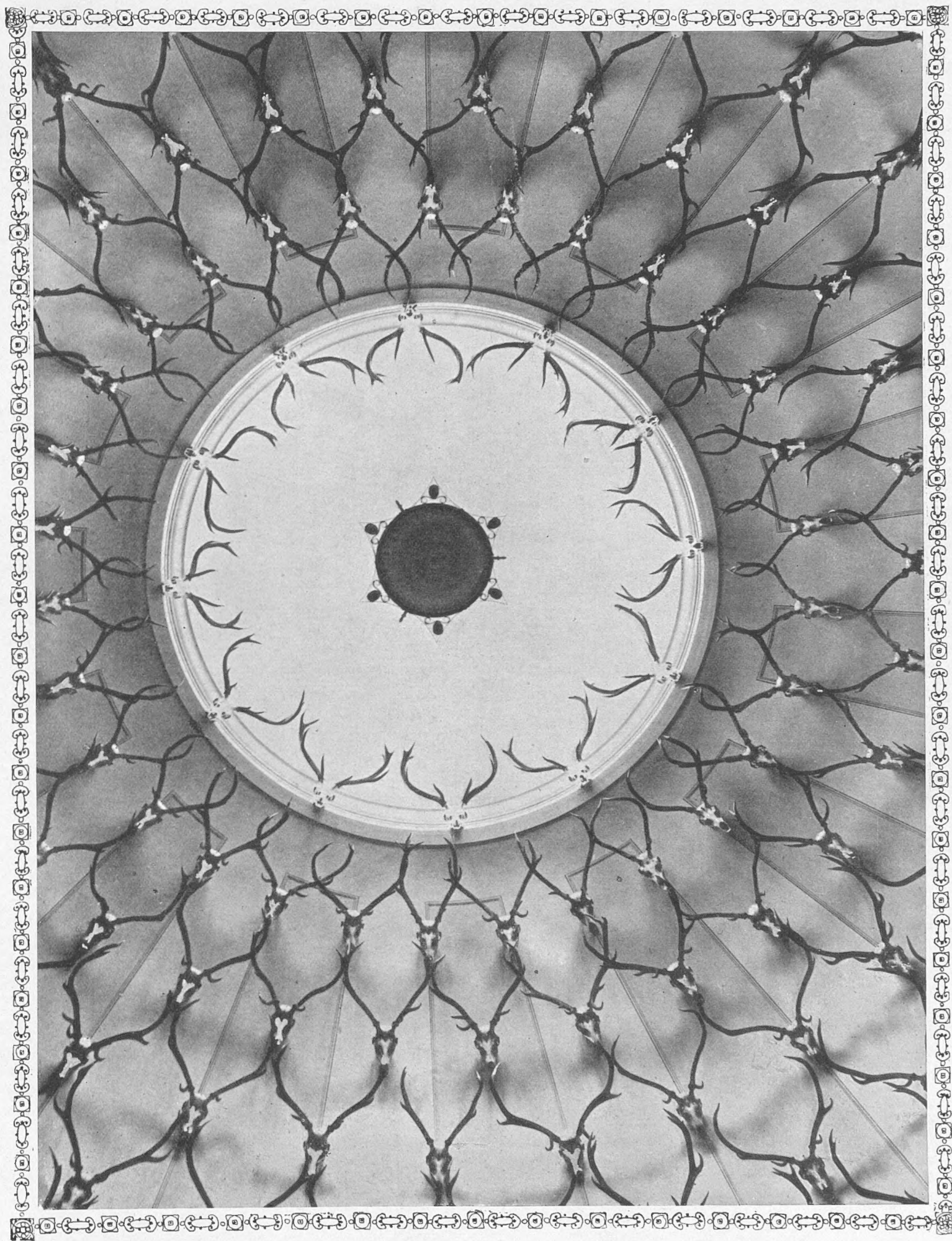
There you have the secret, and the explanation, and the comfort of the whole matter. The modern school-girl does not bother her head about being charming—until the reason comes along. In early-Victorian days, I believe, a girl learnt at the age of five or so that she must devote all her thought and all her care to getting married. She did so, and became, in many cases, a silly, affected, bothersome little baggage. She pretended she had no appetite at dinner, but there was a sound supper waiting for her in her bedroom.

The modern school-girl is not asked to trouble her young head about getting married. On the contrary, she is so trained that she need not marry for a living. She need not marry for anything but love. She does not, therefore, have to pretend to be in love. She can wait, and watch, and criticise, and reject, and feel wonderfully superior to the weaknesses of human nature until—until the reason comes along.

What happens then? Does she go on shouting, and kicking her legs about, and getting all the skin peeled off her face by the sun, and wearing ugly hats? Does she, O "Old-Fashioned Father"? . . . Listen! . . .

I think we've settled him, Dolly.

HEADS FOR OVER HEAD: THE "SCALPS" OF THE SOCIETY HUNTER.



TROPHIES TO LOOK UP TO: REMARKABLE CEILING DECORATION AT GORDON CASTLE.

This remarkable ceiling, with its curiously barbaric decoration of heads, is in the "bachelor quarters" of Gordon Castle, Fochabers, Banffshire, the Scottish seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

THE £400 GOLF TOURNAMENT: SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HARRY VARDON BEATS EDWARD RAY: THE FINAL AT SUNNINGDALE.

The final of the "News of the World" £400 golf tournament for professionals was played at Sunningdale on Friday of last week. The finish was dramatic, and resulted in a win for Vardon by a single hole. Thus Vardon was successful for the first time in the event, for which he has qualified for nine years in succession, but in which he had never previously got beyond the semi-finals of the match-play stage.

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS; PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

THE SPY-KILLER AND HIS WIFE: "THE TURNING POINT,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FELT (SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER) AND MME. FELT
(MISS ETHEL IRVING).

Colonel Felt possesses the secret of a fortress of vital importance to France. Glogau, who has him in his hands, through having lent him a large sum of money, tells him that he must do the impossible and pay up at once; or, as an alternative, provide a plan of the fort. Mad with indignation at such a suggestion, the Colonel kills the spy. For a while, he is in grave danger of arrest, but his rival for the affection of his wife, who is a well-known lawyer and Deputy, contrives to save the situation, agreeing that Felt's work for France is too valuable to be brought to a close. The same crisis forms the turning-point in the lives of Felt and Mme. Felt, for the Colonel's wife, under the stress, realises that she has always loved her husband.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"**LA FLAMBÉE**" after very much preliminary puffing, has come,
been seen, and apparently has conquered under the name of
"The Turning Point." The critics, of course, disagree
about it, though most seem to think that it is not a work of very
fine quality. In fact, it is an ingenious melodrama, with strong,
sensational scenes of emotion, and all the talk about its being a great
patriotic drama, or seriously raising questions as to the permissibility
of divorce, is unfulfilled. We are thrilled, but not prodigiously, by
the tale of the French officer who strangled a spy because he tempted
him and tried to blackmail him; and by the assassin's reconquest of
his wife's love by means of this act of irregular justice. And we
should have been much more thrilled if the dialogue had not been
turned into pompous, commonplace English, and the comic relief
had been omitted. The comic relief seemed to date the play as
belonging to the mid-Victorian drama, and yet it is one of the latest
Parisian successes—at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The principal
parts enabled Sir George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving to move
the audience by their powerful, sincere work in the long emotional
scenes. Mr. Godfrey Tearle acted very well as the husband's nearly
successful rival. Mr. Beveridge played admirably as a somewhat
superfluous bishop, and, of course, the play is handsomely mounted.

"The Open Door," at the Lyceum, shows that the Messrs. Melville
are not going to be outdone by Drury Lane. Morality plays are in
the air, and they have no scruples. So, in the middle of a sound and
vigorous Russian melodrama, with persecuted Jews and riotous
Cossacks, and knoutings and shootings, they (or their authors, Messrs.
Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck) have planted Mr. Halliwell Hobbs,
who wanders slowly about in the limelight with a pale and solemn
face, speaking in pseudo-Biblical language, rescuing the oppressed
by an uplifted hand or a simple exhortation to "Peace," turning the
other cheek to the smiter, shaming the wicked, and, apparently, rising
at the end from the dead to perform a miraculous rescue of the hero
and heroine from prison. Mr. Hobbs remains duly solemn and
Scriptural throughout; and no doubt there is no harm in it all to
those who can see sincerity in such things. But in such a connection
the element of the morality is a tedious thing, and one turns with
some relief to the good broad villainy of the wicked governor, Mr.
Albert Ward; of the treacherous spy, Mr. Fred Morgan; and the
beautiful dancing-girl, Miss Lilian Hallows.

In view of what Mr. Hubert Henry Davies has done to delight
us in the past, "Doormats," at Wyndham's, is rather a disappoint-
ment. It hovers uncertainly between comedy and farce: it asks
us at one moment to take seriously the struggle between a husband,
wife, and lover; at another, it places them in the purely farcical
situation made famous by "Divorçons," where the husband tells
the pair that they are free to do as they like, and they discover
forthwith that the rapture of that freedom is hardly what they
expected. The result is that the audience is left in a state of un-
certainty as to whether it is to take it all in earnest or to laugh;
and Mr. Davies' gift for deliciously witty dialogue seems this time
to have failed him. The best that can be said is that the little play
wanders on pleasantly, leaving the impression of a thing much spun
out; and thanks to Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Nina Boucicault,
Mr. Alfred Bishop, and Miss Marie Löhr—as delightful a group of
players as could well be found—it may be a success.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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ham. Gerard Benda. 6s.
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Barclay. 6s.
The Old Nest. Rupert Hughes. 5s.
Days With the Lyric Poets. 3s. 6d. net.
From My Hunting Day-Book. H. I. H. the
German Crown Prince. 6s. net.
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Three Women. Netta Syrett. 6s.
Pansy Meares. Horace W. A. Newte. 6s.
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Bill the Minder. W. Heath Robinson.
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A Star of the East. Charles E. Pearce.
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Her Majesty the Flapper. O. E. James.
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LONG.
Things as They Are. 6s.
The Bad Lord Lockington. Florence
Warden. 6s.
Decree Nisi. Lady X. 1s. net.
The Magnetic Girl. Richard Marsh. 6d.
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The Matheson Money. Florence Warden.
6d. net.
The Sleeping Village. 6s.
Left in Charge. Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s.
Sport and the Woman. Campbell Rae-
Brown. 1s. net.

DRANE.

The Marriage Bond Only Death Can
Sunder. S. A. and Jeannie Turk. 6s.

BLACKWOOD.

One Crowded Hour. Sydney C. Grier. 6s.

SMITH, ELDER,
Oddle and Iddle. Lily Collier. 3s. 6d.
Two Troubadours. Esmé Stuart. 3s. 6d.
Magic Dominions. Arthur J. Wallis. 3s. 6d.



MATTERS NATIONAL AND ZOOLOGICAL: THE BALKANS, SCHOOL CADETS, AND STOLEN SQUIRRELS.

The Balkan Scare.

On the day I write these notes it seems more than probable that the people of the Balkan States will force their rulers into a war of which the end cannot be foreseen. If Turkey had amongst her Generals a Mohammedan Napoleon, the superiority in numbers of the Balkan and Grecian armies to her force would matter little, for if Turkey could crush the Bulgarian army in a decisive engagement, she could deal at her leisure with the other armies of the combination. The Servians made a very poor show when they fought the Bulgarians. The capability of the Montenegrin forces is an unknown quantity, though they would no doubt fight desperately in their own hills. The Turkish troops in the last Turco-Grecian War chased their opponents as though they were hares. The Turk as a fighting man is the equal of a Bulgarian, and superior to the man of any other nationality he is likely to meet in such a war. Success or failure will depend upon the Turkish generalship.

Sir Ian Hamilton's Scheme.

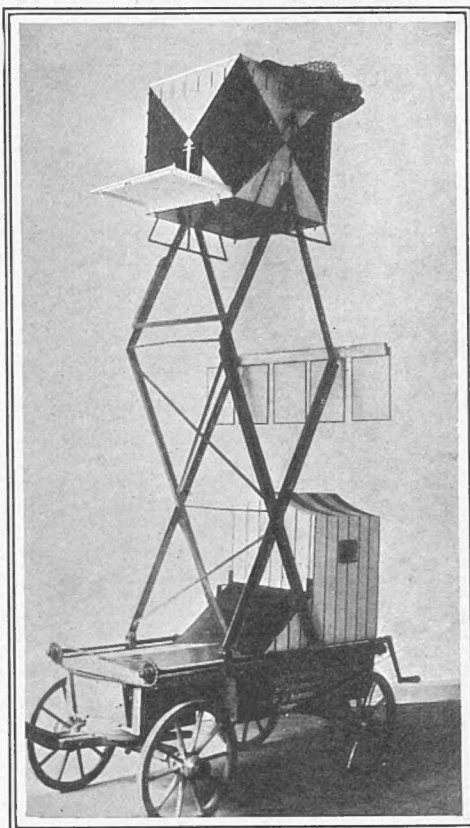
Sir Ian Hamilton's suggestion that all school-boys, should receive a military training will be accepted by those soldiers, Lord Roberts at their head, who are agitating for universal service, as a first step towards their ideal. The military training to which a schoolboy could be subjected without interfering with his school work would form an excellent recruit's course, and would make a man's training as a Territorial less arduous and less lengthy; but there would always be the danger that schoolboys might become tired of the A.B.C. of military life if their instruction were not carried on with intelligence, and if sufficient variety were not given to it.

Practical Opinions.

At dinner at a great British seaside town the other night, I sat near two men who discussed with intimate knowledge the question whether lads did weary of drill and military instruction. One of the two men had raised a most successful cadet corps, which sends many of its members into the Navy, into the Regular Army, and into the Territorials, and he explained to us how the boys' training was regulated to give constant variety and never to weary the youngsters. The other man was the commander of a Territorial unit, and he pointed out that lads coming to a Territorial corps, even if they had been efficient in a cadet corps, were always treated as raw recruits, and had to go through the recruit course just as though they had never learned to step off with their left foot or to slope arms. He found that the lads resented this, and his suggestion was that the recruit's course should be materially shortened when a properly trained lad joined the Territorials.

Red Tape.

The belief of the adjutant and the drill-sergeant of any regiment that no man is properly trained until he has passed through their hands is universal. I remember well, in the days when I went through my recruit's course on joining my regiment, that such military training as I had gone through before was held to be a hindrance rather than an advantage, and that I swung a leg backwards and forwards learning the goose-step just as though I had been a farm-lad fresh caught from the plough. Young officers who had passed into the Service through Sandhurst, who had been non-commissioned officers there, and were really as smart at their drill as any drill-sergeant of a line regiment, were passed through the mill of recruit's drill as though they did not know their right hand from their left. I fancy that in the Regular Army of to-day this needless severity has disappeared; and the Territorials certainly need not be more hidebound than the Regulars are.



THE PIGEON AS AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER: A MODEL OF A SPECIAL PIGEON-LOFT AND DARK-ROOM ON WHEELS.

The above is a model of a light, horse-drawn vehicle specially designed for the conveyance of pigeons to be used for taking photographs in the air. The loft can be raised on the lazy-tongs principle, and at the back is a dark-room for developing. The camera is attached to the bird so as to point earthward as it flies, and the shutter is worked mechanically. It is impossible, of course, to arrange exactly what the subjects of the photographs will be.

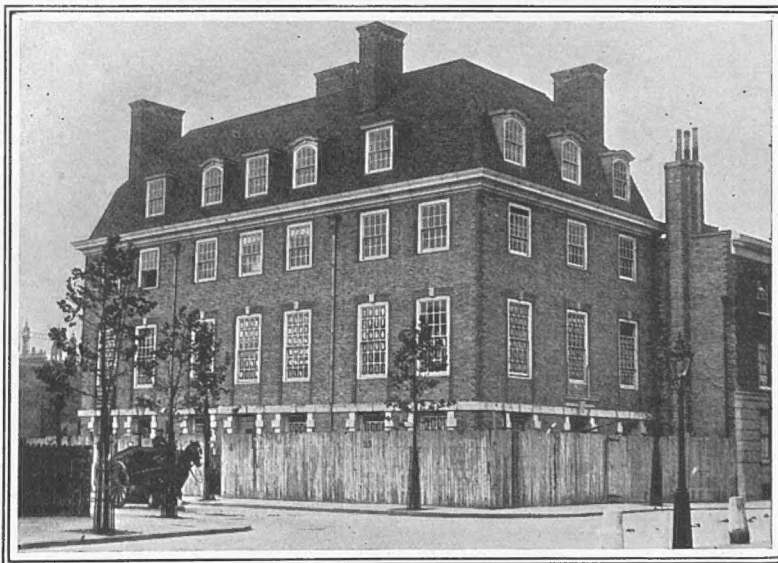
Photograph by C.N.

The Grey Squirrels.

The grey squirrels of Regent's Park have given so much pleasure to thousands of children, and to so many grown-up people as well—myself amongst them—that I was distressed when I read that no fewer than a hundred and fifty of these merry and confiding little animals had been stolen from the Park, and that a man, a German, who was caught in the act of stealing one was found to have in his pocket a nut with a hook attached to it—surely the cruellest way ever imagined of catching such an animal. The original squirrels which have populated the Regent's Park with their descendants escaped from the "Zoo." The squirrels, whose special haunts are the big trees on either side of the Broad Walk, have become so tame that they will jump up on to the benches to take a bit of biscuit, laid there for them, and come almost within reach of the children whose special pleasure it is to feed them. They are not in the least afraid of dogs, and know that when a terrier barks at them it is only his way of saying "Good morning!" The big, fat wood-pigeons, who like bits of biscuit just as well as the squirrels do, bully the little grey fellows and chase them, the squirrels being, apparently, quite unaware that their bite hurts a great deal more than the peck of a wood-pigeon's bill.

A Man's Dress Clothes.

A competent authority states that a man during his lifetime wears out three suits of dress-clothes. This, however, seems to me to underestimate the number that the ordinary club-man buys. I should take it that the man who wears dress-clothes every night, as most club-men do, requires, if he is to be reasonably smart, a new dress-suit every two years, and a new dinner-jacket every third year. Very few men ever wear out their dress-suits themselves.



WHERE MR. McKENNA WILL PRESIDE OVER HOME AFFAIRS, BUT NOT IN STATE: THE HOME SECRETARY'S NEW HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Reginald McKenna, Secretary of State for the Home Department, has built himself a fine new house in Smith Square, Westminster, where he and his wife will shortly take up their residence. This is becoming a favourite district for politicians, several of whom have built houses in the neighbourhood.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



THE response to the "invitations" to dine at Grosvenor House on Oct. 16 have been brisk. Thousand-pounders who have dined once are allowed to dine again, and great and eminent leaders like Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. George Wyndham are on the free list. The ducal dinner-table is clearly to be filled, for so far none of the "certains," and very few of the "possibles," have failed. Meanwhile, the Duke himself is showing his usual zeal—for escaping preliminaries. He is the moving spirit of the party, seeking the solitudes of Perthshire last week, and the bustle of Paris the next. What if Persia should be his desire—on the 16th?



ENGAGED TO MR. GUY FISHER-ROWE: MISS MARJORIE RAINSFORD-HANNAY. Miss Rainsford-Hannay is the daughter of Brigadier-General F. Rainsford-Hannay, C.B., formerly of the Royal Engineers, of Mousehill Lodge, Milford, Surrey. Mr. Fisher-Rowe is the son of the late Captain Fisher-Rowe and Lady Victoria Fisher-Rowe, daughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth.

Photograph by Swaine.

But his imagination is not allowed to rest there. A young man, suddenly hoisted into an appointment on a daily paper, looked in dismay at the somewhat sporting togs of his past life. "Dramatic critic," he told his tailor, and now he is to be seen any night in the stalls with a red-lined opera-cloak, and a collar that has double the acumen of Mr. Walkley's.

"An Equal Mind." "My Lord, they're rising in Connaught," cried the agitated official. "Well, Sir," answered Chesterfield, looking at his watch, "it's nine o'clock, and they ought to be." The cry, "They're rising in Ulster," will leave at least one official Member equally cool. Mr. Dudley Ward, newly chosen by Mr. Percy Illingworth as the second string to his Liberal Whip, is known for a wit that is never ruffled. The House recognises a stalwart Member in Mr. Ward, of Labour; but Mr. Ward, of the Dudleys and the Eshers, of Eton and Cambridge, came to Westminster with a name, won between Mortlake and Putney, for nerve, and has kept it. There are other "strokes" than those of chance or fortune.



ENGAGED TO MISS EDITH MARY ALLEN: MR. JOHN W. GULLAND.

Miss Allen is the daughter of the late Mr. Walker Allen, J.P. Mr. Gulland has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury and Scottish Whip since 1909, and sits for Dumfries Burghs. He is the son of the late John Gulland, Magistrate of the City of Edinburgh. He is a corn merchant.

Photograph by Russell.

"Dressings Fit." The expert's decree that men must "dress for the part," brings no new burdens to the tailor. He has long borne the brunt of character-study. His "Yes, for the moors; quite so," is his way of saying that he will turn out a being half Henry Stonor and half Lord Savile. Whisper "Newmarket," and he gives the Rosebery expression to your shoulder-blades, and the Beresford crease at the pectoral muscle.



RETURNING FROM NEW ZEALAND: LADY ISLINGTON.

Lord Islington, late Governor of New Zealand, and Lady Islington are just returning to this country. Lady Islington will be better remembered, perhaps, as Lady Dickson-Poynder. Before her marriage, which took place in 1896, she was known as Miss Anne Beauclerk Dundas, daughter of Mr. Robert Henry Duncan Dundas.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Sir Rennell's Flying Visits. Sir Rennell Rodd, one of his Majesty's last guests at Balmoral, is on leave of absence—his own leave—from Rome, and with him is Lady Rodd. Ten months or so of the Villa Torlonia sees the piling-up of obligations and pledges. "Remember, when you come to London, you must, etc.," says the departing visitor

who has received the inestimable favours of Sir Rennell's attentions in the Eternal City. That is why he is doing England and Scotland in a hurry.

The judicial mind is learned in food. A judge of old, in sentencing burglars to death, ended his recapitulation of their offences with: "All this ye did, and God preserve ye, joost when the plaintiffs were sitting doon to their dinner." And now his Honour Judge Parry has written a delightful story, with the sacredness of the kitchen for its theme. His "John Honorius," of cooks the saint-in-chief, makes the October Cornhill memorable. It must be left about for all servants to pick up. And a public dinner to Judge Parry is the only fitting sequel.

Red Rubber. In Ireland the motor-car seems to make safer going than the horse. Mr. Dillon's upset in a trap is one of a series of more or less serious accidents of the same class. But he is one of the few sufferers to meet the situation with some show [of humour. He came to consciousness with his head near a pool of blood, and the trap tyre twisted round his legs. "Is this Mayo or Putumayo?" he asked.

Drivers and Conductors.

Signor Leoncavallo's cabman had no compunction. Composer or no composer, he took out his summons. At any rate, he offered no criticism of his distinguished fare's musicianship. There is a well-known story told of an equally distinguished musician who was being driven home after conducting "The Messiah." "A pleasure to drive you, Sir," said the cabby, pocketing his shilling; "and I should have enjoyed being in the Hall to-night; only when I last heard you, you took it a trifle fast. While it gained in dramatic force, it lost in dignity, you know."

His Lordship—Off the Rank.

Misunderstanding, born of mutual distrust of one profession for another, and one nation for another, and one tongue for another, is Signor Leoncavallo's explanation of the mystery of the cab. He wrings his hands humourously over the incident, for he is not, like the third Lord Ellenborough, born for the conflicts of the curb. Lord Ellenborough's disputes were so frequent and so resolutely carried through, that he became a marked man, and eventually found the greatest difficulty in inducing a cabby to accept him as a fare. It is a younger noble who has now become famous in the suburb of his habitation for his imperative challenges to his random coachman to put the Queensberry rules—with modifications—to the test.



WIFE OF LORD HALIFAX'S ONLY SON AND HEIR: LADY DOROTHY WOOD. Lady Dorothy Evelyn Augusta Onslow, who was born in 1885, younger daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow, was married, in 1909, to the Hon. E. F. Lindley Wood, only son of Lord Halifax. Mr. Wood became a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, in 1903, holds a commission in the Yorkshire Dragoons Yeomanry, and is an M.P.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



KNIGHTED THE OTHER DAY: MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT.

Sir S. A. T. Rowlatt, newly appointed Judge, became Junior Counsel to the Treasury in 1905. In 1905 and 1906 he was Recorder of Windsor. Mr. George A. H. Branson steps into his shoes as Junior Counsel to the Treasury, and likewise into a reversion to a seat on the Bench.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A "RECORDWOMAN": THE LADY OF THE TWO HUNDRED HATS.



50,000 FRANCS A YEAR FOR THE CROWNING OF WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY: Mlle. RAYMONDE ARIEL,
A GODSEND TO FRENCH MILLINERS.

A fashionable French paper tells us that Mlle. Raymonde Ariel, of the Théâtre Michel, is a "recordwoman" among hat-buyers. It would seem that, in an average year, she purchases two hundred hats, at a cost of somewhere about 50,000 francs.



A WOMAN OF HER TIME: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

SHE has made an anthology, and explored a coal-mine; she has a daughter to marry, and she asks for a vote; she has written a novel with nice touches, and a play with no naughty ones (so that you probably don't remember either). She has held a canopy over a Queen's head at a Coronation; she has kept her shop and her salon, and never been silly. When she was asked by Suffragist friends to break her own window in Bond Street in order that Mr. Fordham might be perplexed and uneasy when she faced him from the dock, she laughed her "No" without a second's hesitation. Foolishness, by infallible instinct, she has always cleared. The foolishness that makes scandals, and hangs a tale to most men and women interesting enough for the gossips, has found no footing where she is concerned.

Stafford House and Prospective Tenants.

Stafford House is great enough to make any tenant conspicuous. But the Duchess of Sutherland turned the tables. She was great enough to make Stafford House itself negligible. Only the threat of her departure causes it to be again the most discussed of London dwellings. True, it has no notice-board across its portals, no injunction to



AFFLICTED WITH MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES: PRINCE GEORGE OF BAVARIA.

Prince and Princess George of Bavaria, who were married only last February, have had matrimonial difficulties, resulting in their separation and the breaking up of their household. The Prince is selling his palace at Munich, and it is said that steps are being taken to obtain an annulment of the marriage. Prince George is a grandson of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Photograph by E.N.A.

but has not entirely escaped the look of an office; and the vast amenities of the Fourth of July were an annual reminder that even Park Lane had, so to speak, a public house. Mr. Whitelaw Reid has not denied the report that he has designs upon the habitation of "the Sutherlands." His best answer, perhaps, was to fix his blue eye upon Dudley House, which he knows and likes from top to bottom. The Duchess's other rumoured successor has a yet braver title. An Ambassador could do no more than turn her place into an Embassy. The Prince of Wales could turn it into a palace. And for a palace, of course, it was originally intended.

Cripples, Pets, and Poets.

Other Duchesses may lend their drawing-rooms to the Fabians or the Primrose League, to the O.D.F.L., or this and that society for the Promotion, or Prevention, of Christian Endeavour. Their Graces speak, smile, and subscribe, and when the bent-wood chairs are cleared away and the Persian rugs restored, they sigh—with relief.

The Duchess of Sutherland's sighs are at the impotence, rather than the boredom, of ordinary social work; and her regret is that, when it is useful, it cannot be perpetual. Besides her cripples, she has her pets and her poets. "Tell him I am at his feet," was her message to the greatest of the late Victorian rhymers. He smiled at the characteristic hyperbole, for she did not know that he refused her invitations to Stafford House because he had no slippers! No need to say at whose feet the poets lay their verses. Mr. William Watson not long ago appointed himself her laureate; but since then a half-dozen more have done the same for themselves. But with her it is a matter of writing verses as well as receiving them. Her ballad to the umbrella-mender whom she met by the Severn during a motor-tour is as gay and surprising as any verse of Stevenson's.

"Bring Down Milly."

Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine was

as young as any Meredith heroine when she married. The story could have been of the novelist's own inventing: Two young fishermen in the Highlands—Lord Stafford and a friend—take refuge from a storm at Lord Rosslyn's; dinner is served; the guests are just seated when the hostess exclaims "Thirteen!" and, always resourceful, cries, "Bring down Milly"—who deserts her governess accordingly, and takes her seat—for good and all—by the lucky young man who came out to catch a salmon and has landed a sylph. More than any other woman of her circle, she is a woman of her time, and that's a woman

whom the sociologist and the novelist have not yet had time or

temper to realise. She is at once so pretty and so clever that you cannot offer her the alternative compliment of a staled tradition with any hope of success. The old beau cannot make her out, and she does not tally with the young man's reading of yellowbacks. She is so free and so circumspect; she prefers a cottage at Woking to the splendours of a palace from which she escapes between one function and another of a crowded season; she has her warm partialities, but never a prejudice; and, with all pleasures pressed on her acceptance, her greatest contentment is found in the considered acts of kindness which star every one of her crowded days.



CANADA'S PRINCESS ADOPTS THE WESTERN STYLE IN THE SADDLE: PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT RIDING ASTRIDE AT COCHRANE, ALBERTA.

During the Duke of Connaught's Trans-Canadian tour Princess Patricia, as our photograph shows, adopted on occasion the Western custom of riding astride.



AFFLICTED WITH MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES: PRINCESS GEORGE OF BAVARIA.

It was at first reported that the differences between Prince and Princess George of Bavaria were due to a dispute over questions of precedence, but this has since been denied. The Princess was formerly known as the Archduchess Isabella Marie of Austria. She is a daughter of the Archduke Frederic. Her marriage to Prince George of Bavaria took place on Feb. 10.

Photographs by E.N.A.



TO BE MADE A ROYAL RESIDENCE ONCE MORE? STAFFORD HOUSE, WHICH IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED MAY PERHAPS BE ACQUIRED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Duke of Sutherland recently decided to leave Stafford House, and it has been suggested as possible that it may be acquired for the Prince of Wales. In that event it would revert to its original use as a royal residence, for it was built for George III's second son, who died, however, before he could take possession of it. The house stands on Crown land.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

INVOLVED IN THE BALKAN IMBROGLIO: QUEENS OF CRISIS.



1. THE QUEEN OF BULGARIA.

3. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

2. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

4. THE QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO.

The Queen of Bulgaria, who is King Ferdinand's second wife, was married at Coburg in 1908. She was Princess Eleonore of Reuss Köstritz, and was born in 1860.—The Queen of Greece was the Grand Duchess Olga Constantinovna of Russia. She was born in 1851, and married King George of Greece at St. Petersburg in 1867.—The Queen of Roumania, well known as a poetess under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," was Princess Elizabeth of Wied. She was born in 1843, and married in 1869. Her husband, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, was elected Prince of Roumania in 1866, and King in 1881.—The Queen of Montenegro, whose maiden name was Milena Vucolitch, was the daughter of a Montenegrin Senator. She was born in 1847, and married at Cetinje in 1860. Among her nine surviving children is the Queen of Italy, and the late wife of King Peter of Serbia was also her daughter. The King of Serbia is still a widower.—[Photographs by Adelt, Bohringer, Uhlenhuth, and Mandy.]



IN THE "TODDLES" MANNER, BUT NOT IN PYJAMAS: THE WAITER AT "THE LITTLE CAFÉ."

Imports from France.

It is reported that M. Tristan Bernard is a most witty fellow. He writes farces for Paris, and Paris enjoys them hugely—so hugely that Mr. Cyril Maude, taking pity on London, thinks that London should have its chance of enjoying them hugely, too. Now M. Bernard's chief title to fame is, apparently, that he wrote "Toddles." We remember "Toddles" well. He jumped in and out of bed continuously in nicely decorated pyjamas: London—behaving as was expected and desired—was in spasms of rapture for months and months; and it seemed, indeed, that Mr. Cyril Maude

had definitely and for ever flung away ambition. Having Toddled once, it is extremely hard to refrain from Toddlesing again. It grows on you and becomes a habit. It is so easy. There is none of the worry which is involved in reading an English manuscript and considering whether it is good. You run over to Paris, hear Paris laughing loudly, find somebody who

extravagance, the Scotch mother to parsimony, and the mother wins. He makes love to his master's daughter with a pretty air of solemnity. He is pursued by a ferocious Sicilian who wears a dagger in her garter and worships him as a volcano might worship, had it the misfortune to be overtaken by a tender sentiment. He is duly embarrassed in the best farcical manner when this lady finds him supping, after his hours of waiting are over, with a musical-comedy star who believes him to be in the diplomatic service. To sum it up, he is Mr. Cyril Maude doing his very best to strike sparks of humour from material which responds but feebly to his efforts; and it is all just a little sad, for we have recollections that it was not thus that one of our foremost comedians won his reputation.

More Compensations.

Nor would it be fair to forget that the play makes a great effort to appease those longings which "Toddles" so completely satisfied. Would you have a chorus of feminine beauty, then go to the Café Fifi, where Albert the waiter spent his nights in riotous living; but you must take the programme as your guide, for never was there so complete a list of the fortunate companies, firms, and persons who have supplied the Evening Dresses, the Hats, the Jewellery, the Wigs, the Costumes, the Fancy Costumes, the Dress Suits, the Furniture, the Silver and the Cutlery; and we are even told what expert assisted to arrange the tables. It may be said frankly and without reserve that all these companies, firms, and persons have done the thing handsomely—nay, luxuriously: so that one almost forgets that there are players, too, who take a part in the entertainment. Comedians like Mr. Charles Glenney and Mr. Charles Bibby have not very much to do: they just hover round the waiter, arranging to trick him, and are baffled. But Miss Maidie Hope, the Sicilian maiden with the dagger, rages furiously, as, we take it, Sicilian maidens should, and sings in a strong, clear voice one of the two songs whose presence makes us wonder whether the whole thing was not meant to be a musical comedy. Miss Vera Coburn looks very sweet as the restaurant-keeper's daughter who provides the love-interest which seems to have been almost entirely forgotten; and Miss Madeline Seymour is a handsome lady of the stage. In fact, everything is so excellent that if it were not all so noisy, and if there were in it all anything really funny, it really might be quite a funny farce.



THE WICKED SOLICITOR, MR. CHARLES GLENNEY AS BIGARDON.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



ALBERT IS A DECIDED SUCCESS WITH THE LADIES: MR. CHARLES BIBBY AS PHILIBERT, MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS ALBERT LORIFLAN, AND MISS VERA COBURN AS YVONNE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

can translate French, mention that the author was famed for "Toddles"—and there you are.

"The Little Café" Lacks Something.

But are you there? Of course, you ought to be. But the trouble is that in "The Little Café" there are no pyjamas. That is serious. There was a comparatively subdued air about the rapture of the audience on the first night. Things may have improved, of course. But there seemed to be floating memories of "Toddles," conjured up by the reference to that hero on the programme; but in "Toddles" Mr. Cyril Maude wore pyjamas—in "The Little Café" he did not. Why not? You may search in vain for the explanation. It is one of those things that nobody can understand. Yet M. Tristan Bernard is a witty fellow. At least, so we are told. Whether this translation of "The Little Café" does him justice, it is impossible, without seeing the original, to say. There are traces of wit in the main scheme of the play: it is a good idea for a farce, this little waiter who is tricked into accepting a long engagement at a high salary, with a heavy penalty for breach, discovers immediately afterwards that he is a man of wealth, and decides to score off his employer by going on waiting rather than pay the penalty. But for the wit of M. Bernard in the working of it out you will look in vain. "Multum in parvo" as a description of a well-developed actress is about the highest flight of humorous fancy; and somehow—but there; it may not be M. Bernard's fault. Yet he ought not to have forgotten that it was pyjamas which made Toddles what he was.

Compensations.

However, let us not be hypercritical. It may easily be pointed out that Mr. Cyril Maude is a jolly little waiter with a happy chuckle, a cheery smile, and unconventional methods of waiting. When he serves a sleepy customer, for instance, he drinks half the "bock" before he puts it on the table. He drinks so many half and whole bocks, and adds so much wine during the process of bottling, that he becomes exceedingly merry. He has a complicated nature—the French father in him leads to



DECIDEDLY A SUCCESS! MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR AS BERENGÈRE D'AQUITAINE, MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS ALBERT, AND MISS MAIDIE HOPE AS BIANCA POGGIAPARTICO.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "THE LITTLE CAFÉ."



As explained on the other pages in this issue dealing with "The Little Café," the new farce at the Playhouse, Mr. Cyril Maude takes the part of a waiter who unexpectedly comes into a fortune, and baffles the attempts of his employer and a rascally solicitor to relieve him of some of his superfluous thousands.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's return to town is a return to people. But Balmoral has been no desert. A guess at the numbers of his Majesty's guests in the North during the last six weeks would probably be out by tens and twenties. It has been a matter of quick change

the places displayed to her will be Lord Esher's quarters in Windsor Castle, where he has his desk under a loophole in a wall fifteen feet thick. And even Tilney Street is middle-aged to the Lady Esher of the future, who has lived in an American palace just half her own age.

A Fellow-Feeling. "My *métier* is to be a king. King Alexander's *métier* was the same. I cannot be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession, of my guild. We should be obliged to shut up business if we made light of the killing of kings." Such was Edward the Seventh's dry rejoinder some years ago to a request that he should encourage the reopening of diplomatic relations between St. James's and Belgrade. And now it is stated that the King of Serbia is prepared to lead his own troops. Nothing in the world would do so much to retrieve his position among the heads of nations as the risking of another king's life—his own—in the field

"Lovely Ulrica." The Lady Ulrica Duncombe of the new Scribner batch of Meredith's letters is a sister of Lady Helen Venetia (to give her her second name) Vincent, of Lady Cynthia



ENGAGED TO MR. RUPERT MURRAY: MISS IVY DERING.

Miss Dering is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Henry Dering, the tenth Baronet, and was born in 1893. Mr. Murray is in the 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Graham, and of the late Duchess of Leinster, and a sister-in-law of Muriel Lady Helmsley. As lovely as her sisters, she made with them a group that would have been fit for the most sumptuous of Meredith's romances. The letters she has now allowed to be printed show the novelist as a somewhat exacting and capricious mentor, as if he really thought Lady Ulrica was a heroine whose destiny he controlled. She married in 1904, and is now Lady Ulrica Baring.

The Suburbs. Lord and Lady Stafford live on Putney Hill, and are happy because they are near polo. The

slums round Westminster are becoming respectable because politics are growing fashionable. It remains for Lord Crichton to take rooms at Shepherd's Bush, the region of rinks. He is again President of the Holland Park Club, whose first meet of the year was unexpectedly well attended. Lady Exmouth, Lord and Lady Vivian, Lady Southwell, Lord George Cholmondeley, Miss Georgina Pellew, and Mr. and Miss Faudel-Phillips got going at the first opportunity.



ENGAGED: THE HON. FREDA HERSCHELL AND SIR ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON, BT.

The Hon. Agnes Freda Herschell, who was born in 1881, is the elder sister of the present Baron Herschell, and daughter of the late peer. Sir Archibald Williamson, the first Baronet of a creation dating from 1909, is a son of the late Stephen Williamson, M.P. for St. Andrews District and for the Kilmarnock District. He is a partner in Messrs. Balfour, Williamson, and Co., merchants, a Director of the Royal Insurance Company and other companies, and much interested in philanthropic work. He was elected M.P. for Elginshire and Nairnshire (L.) in 1906. His first wife died in 1911.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange and C. Vandyk.]



ENGAGED: MAJOR C. E. A. JOURDAIN, D.S.O., AND MISS ALEXIA GRACE PAPILLON.

Major Jourdain, who won his D.S.O. in 1900, is in the North Lancashire Regiment. He is the son of the late Rev. F. Jourdain. He served in South Africa from 1899 to 1902. Miss Papillon is the younger daughter of Captain Frederick Papillon, R.N.

Photographs by Swaine.

all the time, and especially during the last days, when Lord Revelstoke and Sir Colin Keppel left, and Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder and Mr. Wallington came in on the run. Sir Charles Mathews made his farewells and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador his entry simultaneously. The Ministers-in-Attendance, with Mr. McKinnon Wood and Sir Edward Grey packing and unpacking together, and even the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, seemed to be coming in and out in haste as the Balmoral season neared its end. Thus the King has had his holiday—but where and when?

Allotted Days. A day or two at Newmarket, a few hours among Sir Ernest Cassel's birds at Six Mile Bottom, a day or two at Chilton, with Sandringham for headquarters, and Chatsworth on the horizon, made up a late edition of the King's programme. But no edition is final; and certain modifications are not unexpected. For the first

of the Newmarket Meetings, Lord and Lady Ellesmere, with Mr. G. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, and Lady Barbara Smith, made the best of things, but the promise of the King's presence at the Jockey Club for the Cesarewitch did much to postpone the full tide of Turf enthusiasm till the later event. The thing that pleased the enclosure best was Lord Marcus Beresford's contradiction of the statement—"an invention wholly devoid of truth"—that he had grown tired of the King's thoroughbreds. Adam Lindsay Gordon thought that if man was the best work of creation, the horse came in a good second.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. R. MINSHULL FORD TO-MORROW (OCT. 10): MISS DOROTHEA HARWOOD-BANNER.

Miss Harwood-Banner is the daughter of Mr. J. S. Harwood-Banner, M.P. (C.) for the Everton Division of Liverpool, of Ashfield Hall, Neston, Cheshire, and 73, Eaton Place. Captain J. R. Minshull Ford is in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

The Long Island and the Old Island.

Mr. Oliver Brett is bringing back his bride from Long Island by way of Italy. Orchard Lea, with its Pump-Room, will follow St. Peter's and the fountains of Tivoli. But in the case of the young lady from New York, England will not necessarily seem very "recent," even after the antiquities of Rome. Among



A BRIDE ACCOMPANIED TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY HER PET DOG: THE HON. MARY O'HAGAN ON THE OCCASION OF HER WEDDING TO GENERAL MONRO. The wedding of the Hon. Mary O'Hagan (younger sister of Lord O'Hagan) and Major-General Monro took place at Westminster Abbey last week. The bride was accompanied to the church by her pet dog.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

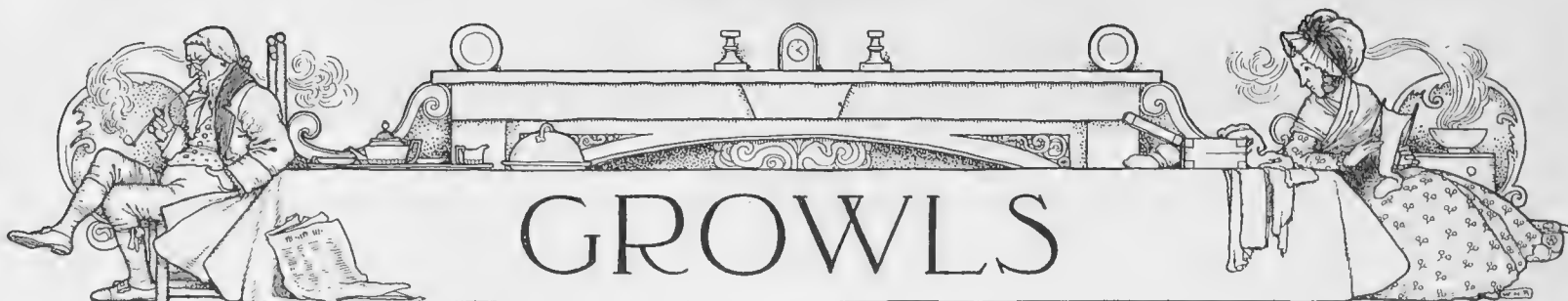
A HAWTHORN —AND A BLACKTHORN: FANNY THE UNRIGHTABLE.



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS EDYTH GOODALL, WHO IS PLAYING FANNY HAWTHORN IN "HINDLE WAKES," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

In the course of its "head-hunting," in which it has already bagged Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, "The Sketch" has now added to its collection the above silhouette of Miss Edyth Goodall, the actress who has made such a success by her impersonation of Fanny Hawthorn, the girl who would not be "righted," in "Hindle Wakes." That piece, it may be recalled, has recently been transferred from the Playhouse to the Court Theatre, where it is to have only a short run, ending on the 19th of this month. Miss Goodall is, of course, a member of Miss Horniman's company, and has been seen, among other rôles, as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer."

Her future stage career will be watched with interest.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]



MUTTON AND BEEF AND LAMB: THE MONOTONY OF MEALS.

Man's Substitute
for a Good Cry.

The veriest Suffragette must acknowledge that Woman has one tremendous prerogative which is denied to Man—the inestimable privilege of “a good cry.” In this birth-gift of the gods she may find solace for a world of woes and may, after due mopping up, face life again with vigour revived and faith refreshed.



VICE-CAPTAIN OF THE SPRING-BOKS: MR. F. J. DOBBIN, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALLERS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

Another member of the team, Mr. S. N. Cronje, a relative of General Cronje, played for Oxford three seasons ago.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

is done to vary the inevitability of our daily fare. In other branches of life Science yearly produces mighty and momentous changes. During the last decade alone we have, in most other respects, completely altered our manner of existence, but our food remains distressingly identical with the food of years ago. Now, as then, our day is inaugurated with the banality of bacon and eggs and the sameness of smoked and salted fishes, and from a day thus deplorably begun little in the way of enterprise and imagination can reasonably be expected. At luncheon and at dinner we see this same ruthless clinging to old and meaningless tradition. Mutton and beef and lamb, lamb and mutton and beef—thus are the changes dismally rung. It does not take a minor prophet to predict what will be set before him when he is asked out to lunch. Woe betide him who seeks to dodge the monotony by some illicit device. To take mustard with mutton, or mint-sauce with beef, would assuredly cause investigations to be made into the state of the innovator's mind.

The Primary
Rumble.

It is strange, but none the less true, that as the years roll on nothing

Of Public
Feeding.

The sheeplike indifference with which this devastating sameness is regarded is all the more surprising in a country in which the meal is the outstanding feature of public life, and in which no social, political, or charitable movement can be set on foot without a lengthy collation. One might reasonably have supposed, surely, that, in a community run upon these festal lines, care would be taken by the caterer to provide menus which would be appropriate to the occasion, and of a character calculated to attune the minds of the carousers to the serious business in hand. Yet such a thought never enters into his head. On one and the same evening you may find an emporium of refreshment serving dinners to a Lodge of Freemasons, a Society for the Propagation of Eugenics in South-East Tibet, a League of Tory Syndicalists, and a bachelor party celebrating a conversion from celibacy, and, incredible to relate, precisely the same menu is set before these noticeably dissimilar assemblies. It never occurs to the management that the cause of universal brotherhood cannot conceivably be furthered by provender which will advance Tory Syndicalism, or that the impending nuptials and the spread of Eugenics in South-East Tibet can be duly honoured by victuals precisely similar in nature and in arrangement.

The Peroration.

In every civilised country in the world are to be found portentous and highly paid chefs, “clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,” and decorated with a *coron bleu*, but, beyond the occasional invention of a new form of *Pêches Melba*, they do nothing to extract us from our dreary groove. Cannot they find in all zoology some substitute for the eternal sheep and bullock? Cannot ornithology provide them with something more toothsome than the incessant farmyard fowl? Do they so perfunctorily study Nature that they cannot discover among the myriad fruits of the earth a product that will hurl the perpetual potato from its tyrant throne? Are we caterpillars that we should be doomed from birth to one unvarying food-form, or should we not rather be as butterflies, with all the flowers of the field at our disposal, sipping provender luscious and of infinite variety? I foresee the day when there will be a general uprising of the thinking feeders of the land against the present galling condition of things; when they will band themselves in leagues, and will refuse to have aught more to do with this ungastro-nomic régime; and when, if the requisite reforms are not forthcoming, forcible feeding will no longer be confined to one class of the community.



CAPTAIN OF THE SPRING-BOKS: MR. W. A. MILLAR, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALLERS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

Three of the 1906 team—Messrs. Millar, F. J. Dobbin, and Douglas Morkel—are members of the present visiting team.

Photograph by L.N.A.



AFTER THE HONEYMOON: GAMEKEEPERS AND GARDENERS DRAWING THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF BEAUDESERT.

It will be recalled that the Marquess of Anglesey recently married Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland.

Photograph by Topical.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

MORE PROVERB - POTTING BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A BIRD IN THE HAND SAVES NINE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



NOMADS IN QUEST OF THE NEW: CHAOS AND THE LITTLE GODS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ONE of the little gods sneezed. It is most unseemly for a god to sneeze, but then a god ought not to be given dust instead of incense. Lares and Penates are the least comfortable of deities. In the good old Etruscan and Roman times, hardly had those divinities settled down to a cosy hearth, than war, sack, and fire robbed the roof from their august heads. In the good modern times it is not the sacking but the building of towns which is the cause of unrest.

Again another sneeze. "Jupiter salutes thee, O Lar, with a cold in the head!" But does that sneeze really come from a godly nose or from a vermilion one—from one of those "removing" men busy in front of the house on the right, and of the house on the left, and also of the house opposite? The whole street seems to be moving as if before a barbaric horde. Poor little gods, nomad against their wish! Town people are not to be depended upon to build lasting altars to household divinities. To the average Londoner there is no home—just a succession of houses and flats. The Lares see the beginning of October with as much distress as schoolboys themselves. Oh Quarter Day, and the woeful weeks that follow! Dust, draughts, and disorder. The Terror of the Evolution. The invasion of minions—white minions with glue-pots and rolls of paper who attack the very walls; black minions who swoop down on the very hearth—and around them all is darkness; multicoloured minions with mops and brooms, projecting pails and dejected chignons (these chiefly stand in doorways); minions in incredibly enormous hobnail boots on top of incredibly frail ladders; outside minions at the assault of windows. And, above all the din, irregular but persistent, the hammer hammers inexorable, and the little gods—remembering the battering-rams of other troubled times attacking walls and town doors—the little gods are sad.

The humans, meanwhile, are experiencing a perverse happiness. Here is chaos, a beautiful, hopeful chaos, to be converted into some conventional order, ugly and useless, but such as humans love. Here will be a tall lamp (that is never lit). There a palm (where it can get no sun). In the corner, a screen (where there is no draught). There a book-case, full of mysterious and never-approached strangers.

The new house will have drawbacks, but

they will be new drawbacks, and therefore less objectionable than the old ones. Change of house possesses an enormous advantage—that of *change*. Humans feel better in different surroundings, they feel younger in a new atmosphere. Entering a new house is like entering a new year. We take into it good resolutions.

Madame, upstairs in her new drawing-room, looking out from behind her new curtains, promises herself to be very nice indeed to her neighbours if they should be at all possible. She feels sure they won't be like that old cat next door, in the old house. Cook, in the kitchen, gives an extra rub to her copper pots. They look well against the new tiles. Her kitchen is much smaller than the old one, but there are no stairs. She means to keep it as clean as a new pin. The chauffeur is pleased with his garage. Space has certainly been economised, but it looks less like an old stable than did the last place. And he whistles while polishing his modern Lar—a silver medal of St. Christopher, patron of the high road, set in the front of the car.

Whatever is new seems best to the tired taste of man, from indigestible new bread to insipid virginity. And so there are quarter-days and wedding-days and divorces, and much running to and fro from everywhere to everywhere else, much new clothes discarded before we had time to embellish them, friendships broken before they are probed, books with middle leaves uncut. Oh the "nu" spelling, and the new dancing, and the new woman! How much more convenient, and much more artistic, and much more interesting they are. And

the most wonderful thing about so much newness is its vigorous old age. For "nu" spelling was discovered by the most ancient ignoramus with an ear for sound, if little knowledge of grammar, and the new dancing was danced by nymphs to the sound of Pan's pipe. And woman ever was new, and ever the same, like some shallow river full of moving shadows. But blessed be the New, for its other name is Illusion, and through that only can we escape from our old self, and that is what we most want in life.

On to new houses, then, as transitory as the rest. Trains, boats, and automobiles are now the real *buildings*, for it is in these we live. Over a fireless hearth (there is now central heating), the little gods stand, shivering, in the shadow of the big hour-glass.



SNAPPED DURING THE BATHING HOUR ON THE LIDO:
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND ON THE BEACH.

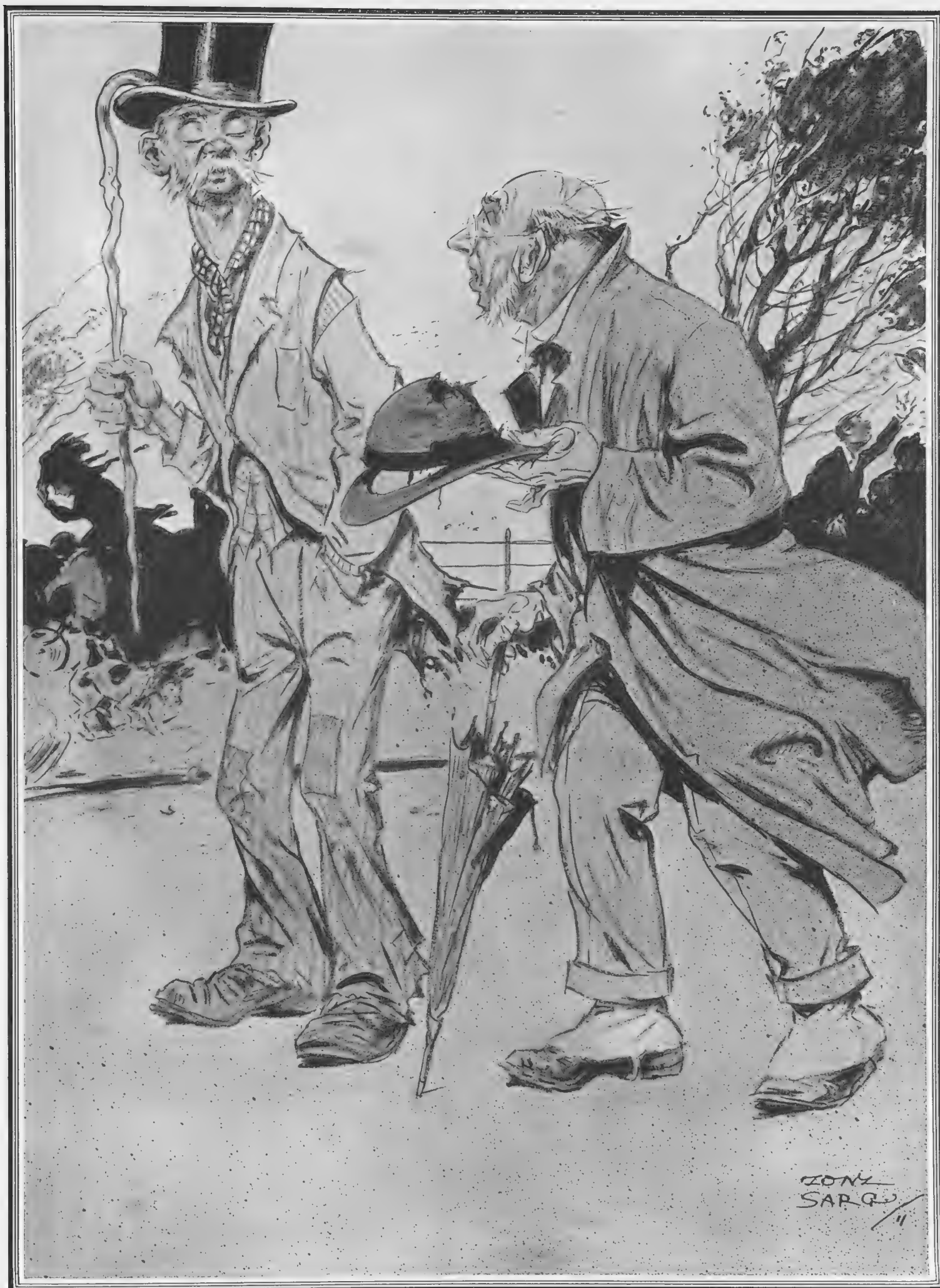
The Duchess of Rutland, when staying at Venice, went to the Lido nearly every day for the bathing, and looked remarkably youthful. Her bathing-dress was a sort of peacock-blue, and she wore a pink chiffon shawl, which she wrung out at intervals. Further, she carried a pink parasol.



THE RIDING-HABIT WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING
THE CHURCH ON HORSEBACK.

The wedding took place the other day of Mr. B. C. Black, son of a wealthy American, and Miss Constance Hoffmeister, of Glenthorne, Devonshire. The bride wore a riding-habit for the ceremony, and the bridegroom was also dressed for riding. Immediately after the marriage the happy pair attended a meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds. They are here seen riding under a triumphal arch after the ceremony.—(Photograph by Topical.)

THE WINDFALL.



OLD GENTLEMAN (to TRAMP, after their hats have both been blown off): Pardon me, but in picking up our hats, don't you think there was some slight mistake?

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



"HONoured IS THE HUNTSMAN'S NAME": THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS SPORTSMAN.*

Hunting in "a Roman Steam-Bath"!

The German Crown Prince is becomingly modest about his "unadorned little sketches." "My hand," he writes, "is more used to, and more skilled in the use of, bridle, rifle, and the consciousness that I have alpenstock than the pen, and only the

enjoyed many hunting experiences which fall but to the lot of few has induced me to offer this little book to sportsmen." His Imperial Highness may be reminded that "Nature unadorned is adorned the most." The very simplicity of his narrative is not the least of its charms. Frankly "straight," it benefits by not being more elaborate. It is right that the hunter should not show the graces of the dweller in the library. The tale's the thing. And the Kaiser's heir has much experience upon which to draw. He prefers his sport to be blended with hardships; or, at least, recognises that difficulties overcome make the attainment of the end all the sweeter. Would he have enjoyed himself as he has done if he had encountered nothing but smooth things? Certainly not. See him in Ceylon, elephant-hunting. It had rained for several days. "The ground was in a horribly sodden condition. We had to squelch along the whole time through extremely unpleasant boggy water, which came over our ankles. Moreover, it was very hot, and the atmosphere was that of an orchid-house. I felt all the time as if I were hunting in a Roman steam-bath." But the track was kept, and the elephant was wounded. Then, "finally our strength gave out. Utterly out of breath, we all sat down where we stood—that is to say, in the water." There was joy in that, as well as annoyance at quarry lost.

Sport Various and Exciting.

Later we have the Prince tiger-shooting in India, fascinated by "the yellow spot, very quietly moving," and earning his shikari's praise; pig-sticking and realising the true meaning of the English "fit"; ibex-shooting with the King of Italy; bagging a fourteen-pointer in the forest of Cardinal Kopp, at Johannesburg, in Austrian Silesia; bringing down his first capercaillie in the Black Forest and finding its crop full of pebbles, ground smooth, excellent material for setting in the cover of a cigarette-case; stalking roe-buck; grouse-shooting in Scotland; chamois-hunting; shooting black-buck, crocodiles, buffalo, and other game—always with keenness and oftentimes at considerable personal risk.

Near the Great White Death.

His Imperial Highness came near to death—"the great white death"—while after chamois in the high Alps. "We go carefully a step at a time. The huntsman cuts steps, for the snow is frozen hard here, and goes in one long precipice down into the wood. A single slip and there is no chance of saving yourself. Every now and then I look back at Mucksel. He walks

silently, holding the rope in an iron grasp. All at once, with overwhelming suddenness, I hear a rushing, grumbling sound. My huntsman leaps back like lightning; before my feet, not more than four yards away from where I stand, the whole mass of snow glides into the valley below; a great white expanse, the size of the floor of a big room. It must have been an old hollow, frozen avalanche. . . . Death . . . had passed within a few yards of us, and had greeted us in passing." There is more than the suggestion of danger, too, in the Prince's comment on the elephants in India. "They fear but one thing, and that is quicksand. The banks of the Indian rivers are often bordered by moving sand-dunes. . . . If the heavy giant ventures his weight on these sands, he is hopelessly lost. . . . In his fear of sinking he tears everything from his back, the howdah in which one sits, and the men who may be riding him, and then throws them under his feet that he may get a foothold to work upon."

H.I.H. on British Hospitality.

Concerning his sport in this country, his Imperial Highness writes at no great length, but with enthusiasm. "These English country houses are, to my taste," he says, "the most elegant, and at the same time the most comfortable places imaginable. In my Indian sketches I have already paid tribute to the wonderful hospitality of the Briton, and I should like to mention it gratefully again now. . . . The English excel in this art of genial and thoughtful entertaining. At home we are apt to think a guest must be everlastingly 'amused'—he is worn to death with the occupations, pleasures, 'sight-seeing' provided by his host. . . . There is nothing of this kind in England. The meals are at settled hours, and at these the 'house-party' foregathers. Unless there is something special on foot, such as a shoot, each one is absolutely his own master in the intervals. . . . The whole house and home of the host is in the fullest sense of the word at the guest's absolute disposal. He only has to say the word, and he can ride, motor, fish, shoot, sail, play tennis or golf, flirt—everything is at his hand."

The Phantom Stag.

Of particular interest to those fond of the eerie is the story of the Phantom Stag. This, the German Crown Prince will have it, lives in the Mützelburg forest. "Every year, on the very last day of the rutting season, and on that day alone, a splendid fourteen-pointer appears in a certain corner of this green expanse. Three times I have fired at this fellow and missed him, and each time he vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up." On the first occasion the stag "simply disappeared"; on the second he "vanished, leaving . . . no trace"; on the third "he dashes into the forest and is seen no more"; and this year the famous fourteen-pointer was seen, was hit, took a great leap, and dropped dead—but when the Prince had run to the "blessed brute" he found "a poor wretched twelve-pointer."—Certainly his Imperial Highness will not in vain offer his book to sportsmen.



WHEN HE FELT AS IF HE WERE HUNTING IN A ROMAN STEAM-BATH: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE ON AN ELEPHANT-SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN CEYLON.

Reproduced from the German Crown Prince's "From My Hunting Day-Book," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.



WITH A TIGER SHOT IN MIRZAPUR: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS SPORTSMAN.

Reproduced from the German Crown Prince's "From My Hunting Day-Book," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

* "From My Hunting Day-Book." By his Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia. Translated by J. E. Hodder Williams. (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s. net.)

STOP THIEF!



POLICEMAN (in the background): Now you've got 'im!
 (Consternation of JONES, who is returning home peaceably from the theatre.)

DRAWN BY H. RADCLYFFE-WILSON.



A Novel in a Nutshell

AN ADOPTION.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

THOSE whose privilege it is to possess the acquaintance of Mr. Justice McGoffin will know him as a man possessing in an eminent degree that inquiring and childlike habit of mind so characteristic of the Bench in general. With him almost each day was an adventure; and he was wont to observe that life teemed with quaint happenings. For the Law he had an immense respect: a feeling not always shared by those who had the privilege of coming before him. Indeed, one litigant, on leaving his court, had been heard to say that he had always known that Justice was blind, but never until that moment that she was blind drunk. But this was probably the outcome of a nature soured by the fact that it was unable to persuade others that its own point of view was the only flawless point of view.

It was the vacation, and Mr. McGoffin had left the sultry heats of London behind him for the cool breezes of the southern coast. He had visited Brighton, walked the Lees at Folkestone, spent a week at Cowes, and was now engaged in an amateur inspection of our naval strength at Portsmouth. He inspected the *Victory* gravely, and took off his hat at the spot where Nelson fell. He told himself (ignoring fact) that "our ships were British oak; and hearts of oak our men." At such times as he was not down at the harbour, he spent his time in pleasant rambles about the neighbouring country. And his enjoyment of these excursions was much increased by his recent acquisition of a Kodak.

A sultry afternoon in August found him, therefore, roaming a hillside in the vicinity of the town, bent on sheer pleasure. The Judge's portly figure, though clad in the lightest of summer garments, was ill-calculated to stand the tropical conditions. He felt the need of rest; and, wiping his forehead with a red silk handkerchief, he stopped and looked about him.

The summit of the hill was crowned with a long, low building, a mere parapet of stone, with the precise purpose of which he was unacquainted. A small hollow on the hillside promised rest, and he made towards it. He was a little disconcerted to discover on reaching it that it was already occupied. A young woman was reclining in it, leaning on her left elbow whilst, with her right hand, she was busy in making a pencil sketch in a small book lying before her on the grass.

As their eyes met, Mr. McGoffin became aware that the young woman was pretty, very pretty. She was about twenty-three years of age, with a well-developed figure, a pair of full lips and liquid hazel eyes in which there seemed just the faintest trace of alarm—no doubt due to maidenly modesty. The Judge was a gallant man and hastened to reassure her. Removing his Panama, he spoke—

"A beautiful afternoon, is it not?" he said.

The damsel assented. Then, with a half-careless gesture, she closed her sketch-book.

"I wonder," said the Judge, with a courteous wave of his hand, "whether you could inform me of the purpose of that curious building which crowns the top of the hill?"

The hazel eyes looked at him half-suspiciously and then cleared. The damsel smiled.

"I'm afraid I don't know," she said modestly; "it is pretty, isn't it?"

"Er—yes," said Judge McGoffin. The girl was so charming that he would have cheerfully proclaimed Nineveh and Babylon to be specimens of modern jerry-building rather than contradict her. He felt a strong desire to cultivate her acquaintance. His profession had bred in him a fatherly habit of mind—a dangerous thing for an elderly single gentleman; and somehow, this afternoon, the fatherly habit was particularly strong in him. He sat down on the edge of the hollow.

"You were sketching, I perceive," he said. "A delightful occupation for a young lady! How charming to be able to preserve mementos of one's little rambles! It is an art which I have never had an opportunity of acquiring. Still, science has come to my aid in the shape of this little camera. I have merely to touch this button—and the picture is taken."

"I'm sure you're very clever," said the young lady graciously. "Much cleverer than I am."

The Judge smiled.

"If you will allow me to see your sketches," he answered, "I am sure they will prove that that is not the case."

The damsel started slightly.

"Oh, no!" she said hurriedly, "I couldn't do that. They're—they're so poor, you know." For a moment she looked at him a little uncertainly. Then the hazel eyes filled with tears. She drew out a handkerchief—a flimsy thing of cambric and lace—and dabbed them. "I do wish they weren't," she said plaintively. "I do wish they were good—really good—for I am anxious to sell them. They are all I have to live on—now."

The worthy Judge was astonished at the strength of his fatherly emotions.

"My dear girl!" he said. "My dear child! Don't cry! You mustn't. I don't like to see you cry. If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can help—?"

"No, no!" she sobbed in a stifled voice, her face half-hidden in her handkerchief. "You mustn't! You can't! I couldn't take help from a strange gentleman."

The Judge became more fatherly than ever.

"You may trust me," he said gently. "I am Mr. Justice McGoffin, one of His Majesty's Judges. If you will tell me your story, I will do what I can to help you."

The girl ceased her sobbing and put down her handkerchief. Then she began to speak hurriedly, and with downcast eyes.

"My name is Elsie Meek," she said; "and I am the daughter of poor but honest parents. My father was a—clerk in a bank, and a churchwarden, and was universally respected. After his death, my mother and I moved to Portsmouth, subsisting partly on my earnings as a drawing-mistress at Miss Pinkney's Academy in Camperdown Road, and partly upon a small fortune of a hundred a year which my poor father had left behind him. Unfortunately, the capital was left to an executor in trust for us—to a man in whom my father had full confidence. This man deceived us. He used the money for his own purposes and fled to the Continent. The shock broke my poor mother's heart and she also died, leaving me alone. Since that time I have earned my living, until a fortnight ago, when Miss Pinkney discharged me for alleged impertinence. Now I am living in cheap lodgings at No. 6, Howson Street, and trying to support myself by making little sketches, which I afterwards work up into water-colours and endeavour to sell. And now you know my story."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. McGoffin. "God bless my soul! And you are alone in the world?"

The damsel dabbed her hazel eyes.

"Quite alone!" she said, with a convulsive choking in her throat.

It is to Judge McGoffin's honour that he gave full way to his manly emotion.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, "My dear child! How fortunate that I happened to come this way! When I think of that rascally executor, I cannot help wishing that I had him before me in my court. But since I cannot have that pleasure, I can at least do something to repair the mischief he has done. I will entrust myself with your future. I will see that you have sufficient money to live upon until you can obtain further employment. I will act as your guardian. It will be a happiness to me if you will consent to look upon me as your father."

He was rewarded for this outburst by a pathetic glance from the hazel eyes.

"I should so like to," she said, with a quaint little smile; "but it would seem so strange, calling you papa."

"Not at all!" said Mr. McGoffin warmly. "Not at all. Call me papa, by all means." And, again impelled by the strength of his fatherly emotions, he put out his hand and patted her arm.

He received a rare smile in return, and glowed with the consciousness of virtue.

"And now, my dear," he said, "since so much is settled, let me see your sketches."

"No," she said, with a little pout. "I won't show you these. They're not good enough. But I have others at home that I should like to show you. I tell you what we will do," she continued, as though struck by a happy thought; "Suppose you were to go round the hill and take some photographs. Then, later on, we can compare them with some of my sketches, and see which are the best. And if you think my sketches are really better than your photographs, then I shall know that they are really good—and I shall be so encouraged."

"A capital idea!" said Mr. McGoffin, entering upon the scheme with the zest of a schoolboy. "Wait for me here. I shall soon be back with the photographs."

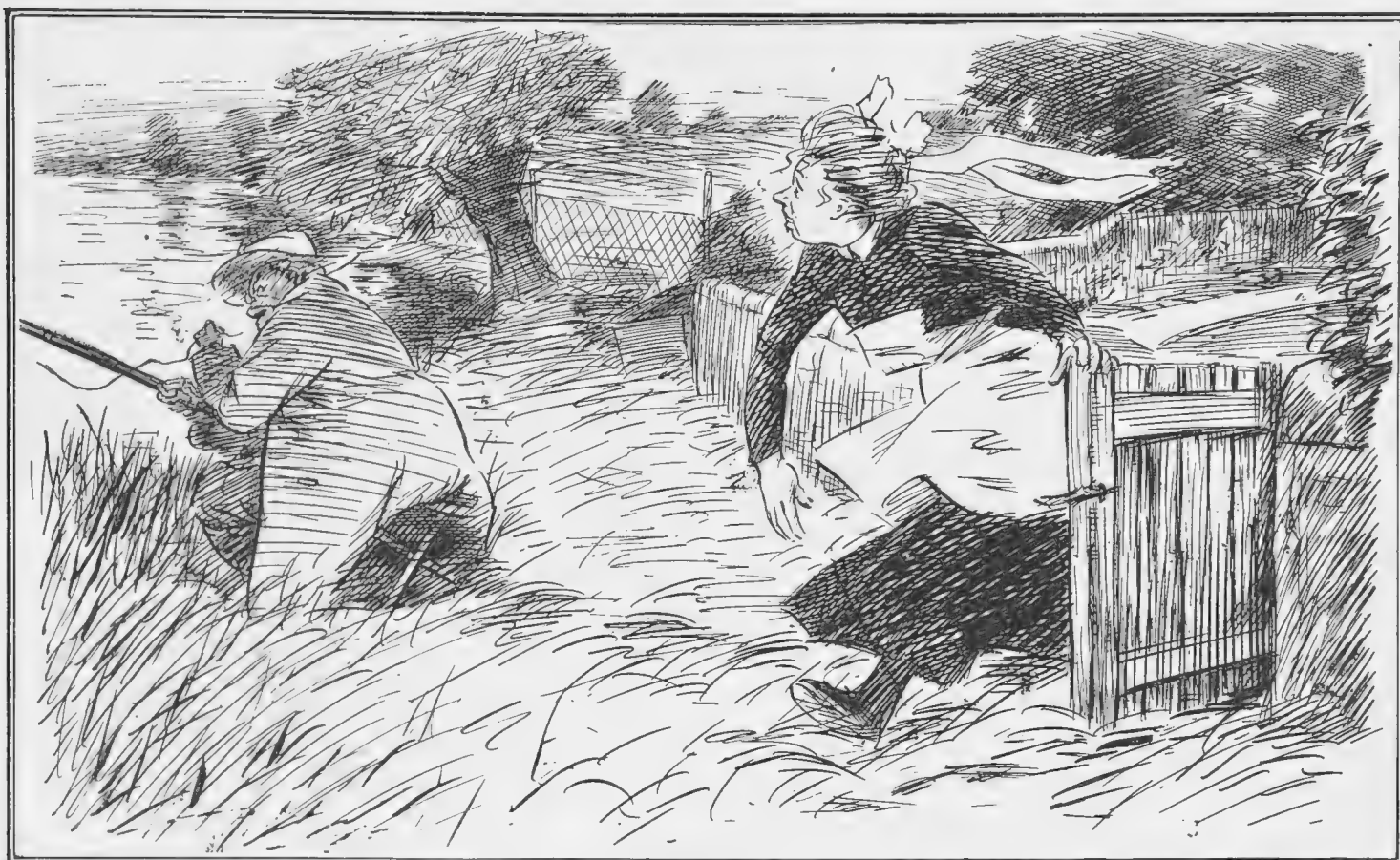
He rose and walked off, charmed by the childish confidence with which she had told him her story. He took several snapshots, from various angles, of the curious building at the top of the hill. In a little time he came back to her, to find her seated in the hollow, awaiting him.

"Well," she asked, smiling, "have you got them?"

"I have taken several interesting views," answered the Judge. "Twelve in all—a whole film." He took the little roll out of the camera and fastened it by its gummed label.

[Continued overleaf.]

FITS AND STARTS.



MAID: Sir, Sir, quick! The Missis is 'aving a fit!

MASTER: For goodness' sake, girl, don't yell like that! The fish aren't deaf.



FRIEND (at the close of a tale of a London "do"): Ah, they see'd you was from the country, old son, you may depend.

THE BILKED: Oh, no, they couldn't 'a done. Tell yer I 'ad a 'igh 'at on.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"If you will give them to me I will develop them for you," she said. "I am quite used to doing it. My poor father" (once more she dabbed her eyes) "was fond of photography; and he always said that no one could develop his films as I could. And since you have been so kind to me, I should like to develop yours, if you will let me."

"By all means," said the delighted Judge, handing her the roll. "You will find them very interesting. There is one of that building up there, taken from the other side, which shows a small figure on the parapet, looking through a telescope. He seemed, indeed, to be looking at me. I cannot imagine the object of his curiosity. Can you?"

Miss Meek sat up thoughtfully. "I haven't an idea!" she said. She glanced carefully about her. The figures of a couple of soldiers who had been strolling some distance away to the left, caught her eye. She became even more thoughtful.

"Do you know, papa," she said prettily, "I think I will leave you my little sketch-book, after all. You must look it over and tell me what you think of the drawings when you come to see me at my lodgings. Come this evening, and bring them with you. They are very poor, I know; so don't look at them until I have gone. I should be ashamed."

She handed him the sketch-book and rose.

"But you are surely not going yet, my child?" said the Judge, who felt that he had not given his fatherly feelings nearly sufficient scope.

"Yes," she answered, a trifle hurriedly. "Good-bye. Be sure to come to see me this evening. Don't forget the address; No. 6, Howson Street. No—don't come with me. I want to be alone to—think over all your kindness."

She kissed her hand to him and hurried off down the hill. The Judge was somewhat surprised at the rapidity with which she walked. It was no business of his, however, and, after she had disappeared, he sat down to examine the sketches, prepared to be critical, but indulgent.

He had barely opened the book when he found himself grasped by the shoulders and hauled to his feet. A couple of Tommies stood regarding him with wide grins.

"Got you at last, 'ave we?" said one of them. "Now, then, old Sauerkraut, you come along with us."

"How dare you?" said the indignant Judge. "What do you mean, fellows? Do you know whom you are talking to?"

The soldiers grinned more widely.

"Well, by the way you're talking, you might be the Keyser 'isself," remarked the man who had spoken previously. "But, on the whole, we're just taking you for one of them chaps that's doing 'is dirty work for 'im. A camera on him, too!" he went on, in ecstasy. "And look 'ere, Bill—blimy if this book ain't full of sketches and figures, and I don't know what. 'Number of guns in east fort!' he quoted rapturously. 'Query?—range?' Bill, this 'ere means promotion for you and me. I'll lay two to one that this is old Swartzenkoffer 'isself that the authorities have had their eyes on for the last week. Anyway, he comes with us."

"I refuse to accompany you," said the indignant Judge. "I know nothing of anyone with so singular a name."

"Not you!" said the man addressed as Bill, digging him jovially in the ribs.

"You will be sorry for this," went on the exasperated Judge. "I am Mr. Justice McGoffin, one of his Majesty's Judges!"

"Tell that," said Bill, "to the marines."

"I fail to see why they should be informed of it," said the astonished Judge. "They are, I believe, connected in some way with the naval forces, and can have nothing to do with my position. I insist upon your letting me go—and at once."

"And we insist upon your coming along with us," answered Bill, "so you'd better make up your mind to it. Now then, are you coming?"

"I am not," answered Mr. McGoffin, confronting them with a demeanour which, in appropriate circumstances, had often struck terror to the heart of the most hardened criminal. On this occasion, however, appropriate circumstances were lacking.

"What he wants," said Bill, meditatively unbuckling his belt, "is a bit of strap-oil. What do you say, Henry?"

"I say, righto, old pard!" answered the callous ruffian. "Lay it on good and heavy."

Mr. McGoffin, turning to remonstrate with Henry, was incautious enough to permit Bill to take him in the rear. The next moment he spun round with a howl of pain as the belt cut about him. Flesh and blood could bear no more. The majesty of the law had been smitten—and in its tenderest part; and for the next three minutes the worthy Judge put up a fight against his oppressors which did equal credit to his spirit and his years. At the end of that period, he surrendered, in a damaged condition, and was borne, an indignant and dishevelled prisoner, up the hill and into the fort. Here, at a table in a small office, sat the commanding officer, and the Judge was brought before him.

"I demand the reason of this outrage!" he spluttered, "I demand satisfaction."

Colonel Deakin glanced towards the men. Private William Hoskins saluted and explained.

"Me and Private Meeson saw this man a-taking photographs round the fort, Sir," he said. "We 'ad our suspicions of him, so we took him in charge and brought him here. We found a camera on him and this book of sketches, Sir. If you'll look over them you can judge as to whether we've acted right."

The Colonel ran his eye over the sketches and his face grew very red—almost as red as that of his prisoner.

"You did quite right, my men," he said sharply. "And now, Sir," he continued, turning to the Judge, "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"What have I got to say for myself?" cried the enraged Judge, "Why, nothing—except that I seem to have got into a lunatic asylum. Those sketches were given to me this afternoon by a charming young lady whose acquaintance I made. She makes them for a living."

"For a living!" said the Colonel drily, inspecting a list of guns. "No doubt! What was she like, this young lady—dark?"

"Er—yes," assented Mr. McGoffin.

"Brown eyes?"

"Hazel," said the Judge. "I noticed them particularly. The poor child was in great distress. I offered to befriend her. She is a Miss Elsie Meek—residing at 6, Howson Street—the daughter of poor but honest parents, both of whom are dead. She gave me her little sketch-book and I gave her some photographs in return."

"A pretty story!" sneered the Colonel. "I fancy we know that young lady as well as you do, and you needn't tell us that her name is Elsie Meek and her address Howson Street." He turned to the men, "You should have taken her as well," he said. "She is one of Swartzenkoffer's confederates, and this man is probably another. But it doesn't matter. We'll lay them by the heels this evening. We've only been waiting for evidence and this book gives us what we want."

"I protest!" cried Mr. McGoffin violently; "I am not anyone's confederate. I am one of his Majesty's Judges."

Colonel Deakin raised his eyebrows. He was a choleric man, and this appeared to him to be mere impudence. And, indeed, Mr. McGoffin, with a rapidly-darkening eye, a cut lip, and clothes torn almost to ribbons, looked a more fitting occupant of the dock than the Bench.

"You will be better acquainted with his Majesty's Judges shortly," remarked the Colonel, ringing a bell. An orderly appeared.

"Ask Major Merrick to come here," he said, "I wish to consult him."

The Judge had a spasm of hope. He knew a Major Merrick of the Garrison Artillery. Two minutes later hope became certainty. The man who entered was his friend.

"Major Merrick," said the Colonel, "two of our men have laid one of Swartzenkoffer's gang by the heels and have obtained the evidence we wanted to proceed against the others. The fellow protests his innocence, of course; in fact, he has the impudence to say that he is a Judge."

Major Merrick turned his eyes on the prisoner. Then he gasped.

"My dear McGoffin!" he said, "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing!" answered the Judge bitterly. "You had better ask what those two murderous ruffians have been doing with me."

The Major turned to the astonished Colonel.

"I assure you, Sir, that there must be some error," he said. "I know this gentleman as Mr. Justice McGoffin—a man of Conservative principles and incapable of treachery. Perhaps if he will give us an account of how he came here, it may set matters on a more regular footing."

The Judge entered on his story. At the account of his meeting with the damsel, the Colonel began to smile. A little later, the Major broke into a chuckle. Still a little later, the two privates grinned broadly. And, to his utter indignation, the conclusion of the tale was received with fits of laughter.

"Mr. McGoffin," said the Colonel brokenly, "we owe you an apology for the mistake. But really—ha, ha!—to some extent you brought it on yourself. These men shall be reprimanded for excess of zeal" (at which the privates' grins became distinctly more subdued) "and, at least, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your action has afforded evidence which will enable us to proceed against two very suspicious characters who have latterly been in the neighbourhood."

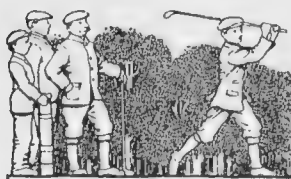
Ten minutes later, the much-injured Judge was on his way down the hill.

His self-respect was considerably restored two months later when Herr Swartzenkoffer (a gentleman ostensibly travelling in Sheffield cutlery) and his accomplice (whose name proved to be something quite different from Elsie Meek) were handed over to the civil authorities and brought before him for trial. The vindictiveness of the sentence aroused much comment in certain Continental newspapers, and almost brought about an international quarrel. The male prisoner appeared much cast down and left the dock without a word. The female accomplice dried her eyes with a tiny affair of lace and cambric, and made one last appeal. Stretching out her arms to the Judge, with something that was almost a smile, she spoke one little word.

"Papa!" she said.

The Junior Bar would have smiled had it not been for Mr. McGoffin's face. That worthy Judge had a moment to reflect that he had already inflicted the severest sentence in his power; and in that moment the law, which had been the object of his idolatry, appeared to him a thing altogether inadequate.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS



AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE: HAPPY GOLFING GROUNDS OF THE WEST.

East and West in U.S. Golf.

I have nearly completed a pilgrimage among the courses of Western golfing America, which means those which are round about the city of Chicago and within thirty or forty miles of it, and am thinking of moving east and north again and making a short study of Canadian golf. Between the East and the West in American golf there is such rivalry as cannot be realised by golfers at home, whose local patriotisms are scarcely even faintly stirred by such devices as international matches. In the United States the East is East and the West is West, and the two are extremely keen rivals to each other, and when they do meet on important occasions, there are needle matches to be played. The case is made all the more interesting, and the rivalry the keener, by the fact that each section of golfing America has now one young player of supreme ability, and one only: Mr. Jerome Travers, the champion of the year, being the Eastern man, and Mr. Charles Evans, usually known as "Chick," the Western representative. It is really a most extraordinary thing, and one indicative of the rivalry and keen, though friendly, feeling between the two parts that, though these fine young golfers



WINNER OF THE KENT LADIES' SCRATCH CHALLENGE CUP: MRS. LIONEL JACKSON.

Mrs. Lionel Jackson (Chislehurst) won the Scratch Challenge Cup in the Kent County Ladies' Championship, at Sundridge Park.

Photograph by Sport and General.

know each other very well indeed, and have frequently been thrown into close association with each other, they had never met in their lives in a match of any kind until they were thrown together in the final of the American championship the other day, and I am glad to think I was a spectator of what was regarded as the most important golf match ever played in the New World. Mr. Travers is the more experienced golfer of the two, and has the better temperament, but I cannot help thinking that "Chick" is the more accomplished player, has more shots in his bag, and will not have to wait very long for his first championship.

More Bunkers Needed.

Now I have been with my clubs to Wheaton, to Evanson, and Lake Shone (the two latter being two of the smaller clubs), to Glen View, and to Onwentsia, and have gained some clear ideas of the characteristics of Western American golf, and the differences between it and the game we play at home, and the courses we play it upon. Wheaton is considered to be the

best of the courses, and in many important respects no doubt it is so. Its putting-greens are superb, and generally its holes are fairly well bunkered; but it gives the player far too little to do from the tee, and that, indeed, is the fault of most of the courses in these parts. Many of the American players use their wooden clubs very well indeed; but I am led to believe that there is a strong disposition among the younger generation to use iron from the tee constantly; and, indeed, I have seen more

driving with irons in a week in America than I see in a whole year at home. This is a bad thing for American golf, and the tendency will be encouraged so long as the fairways in front of the tees are left so open and unbunkered. A cross-bunker demanding a good carry is an extreme rarity, and side-bunkers close in, and at such a distance as to necessitate straightness, are also wanting. Glen View needs several architectural improvements, and its greens are faulty; but I think that this course may easily be made one of the best in the country, and there is no more delightful place in the world to play at, nor a more lovable or more splendid set of people to play with. Britishers at home do not understand the Americans; still less do British golfers understand American golfers. Any of my kinsmen who could spend two such glorious days at Glen View as I did would feel, with a certain sense of humiliation, how very much they had to unlearn. In days to come I shall pine for a return to this happy golfing ground in Illinois. Please, my dear friends of Glen View, let me thank you once again.

Charms of Onwentsia.

I saw a little less of Onwentsia, but it was charming, too, and the members likewise. The course is of the plain and flat variety, and, as I ventured to suggest to some of those who control it, a hundred good new bunkers are much needed there. The first hole measures a hundred yards from tee to pin, and I do not think that in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America there is an easier hole of that length. But here again the round might quite easily be made very testing and difficult. The clubhouse is most



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS CRICKETER AS A LEADING LADY GOLFER: MRS. J. R. MASON.

Mrs. J. R. Mason, who recently married the famous Kent cricketer at Beckenham, was second in the contest for the Scratch Challenge Cup at the Kent County Ladies' Championship Meeting. Mrs. Mason was formerly Miss Mary Rose Powell. Her brother is also a well-known cricketer.

Photograph by Sport and General.

wonderfully and luxuriously appointed; there is nothing at home that comes anywhere near to it, and it was strange to listen to some of the members telling me how they had made it what it is by adding bits to an old house, which it was originally, and how they would not mind if it were destroyed by fire, so that they could get for themselves something better! I was particularly impressed with the arrangements in the dressing-room and locker department. The lockers are about four times the size of those

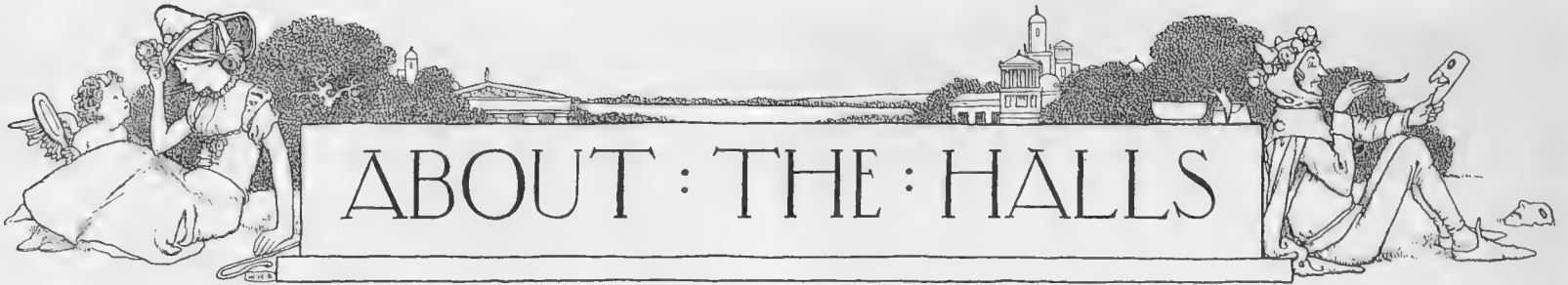


THE SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE £400 GOLF TOURNAMENT: 1. HARRY VARDON. 2. R. G. WILSON. 3. E. RAY. 4. H. CAWSEY.

The semi-finals of the £400 Tournament of the Professional Golfers' Association were played off on the 3rd at Sunningdale. Harry Vardon (South Herts) beat R. G. Wilson (Berkhamsted) by 7 and 5. E. Ray (Oxhey) beat H. Cawsey (Seacroft) by 7 and 6. In the final, on the 4th, Vardon beat Ray.

Photographs by Sport and General.

at our clubs, and contain drawers for clothes, linen, and the like. The American golfer goes to his club, and leaves it, in a much better style of dress—without being in the least fanciful—than we do. He is ready for any emergency. Then at Onwentsia there is a splendid installation of shower-baths, and a swimming-pool (inside the clubhouse) about a hundred feet in length. And it is not so very long since the Iroquois Indians trailed over this land, and Onwentsia itself is the Indian word for a country assembly.—HENRY LEACH.



LEONCAVALLO HIPPODROMING; ANATOL MADE MUSICAL; AND FRANCE'S FORTY-FIRST IMMORTAL.

THE modern music-hall has lofty aims, and Signor Leoncavallo's grand opera, "Zingari," which, in case we should confuse it with the cricket club, is obligingly translated into "Gipsies," is a truly tremendous affair. Its performance is inaugurated by a procession through the fauteuils of the eminent composer, escorted

by the manager, who stands solemnly to attention whilst Signor Leoncavallo, looking gloomily *distingué*, takes his place at the conductor's look-out. The manager then beats an honourable retreat, and, the desired impression having been made upon the audience, the opera begins. Its story breaks no particularly new ground. The massive, Carmenesque heroine is fiercely beloved by a baritone and a tenor, and the latter, as becomes a Prince, succeeds in winning her for his bride, incidentally adopting a gipsy life. Things, however, do not run smoothly, and in six months Fleana has tired of her husband, which is not surprising, considering the way he shouts at her. She is in love with the baritone, who induces her to fly with him from the ex-Prince's



BEFORE HER PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF LOVE, MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS EVERYWOMAN, AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

caravan-cart on one side of the stage to his own straw hut on the other. This is more than the tenor can stand, so he promptly sets fire to the hut, and the other gipsies come in and sing lustily while the erring couple are realistically burnt to death. This bracing narrative is illustrated by a great deal of music which Signor Leoncavallo has cheerfully told his interviewers comprises some of his finest work. Here the composer of "Pagliacci" and "L'Amico Fritz" is in error. There is a taking song in the second act which is well sung by Signor Ernesto Caronora, who is quite vociferously acclaimed by ardent compatriots in different parts of the house, but most of the music is pretentious without being strikingly effective. Its emotionalism is essentially Italian, and the extremes to which it goes are eminently characteristic of a race which knows no mean between the freezing of ice-cream and the manipulation of boiling asphalt. At the close of this portentous turn the maestro is duly and imposingly escorted back to his dressing-room by the manager.

Anatol-de-rol. In its search for variety, the music-hall of to-day is not above doing things which savour somewhat of vandalism. It thinks nothing of taking a masterpiece and hacking it about and boiling it down to a convenient size for the purposes of vaudeville. While there is nothing especially criminal in such treatment of, say, "The Merry Widow," it is a different matter when it comes to "Anatol." How this series of delicate playlets by Arthur Schnitzler will end up it is difficult to predict, but the vicissitudes through which the plays have already passed in London are curious to contemplate. First of all, Mr. Granville Barker took hold of them and Barkerised them, and produced them for the delectation of

the patrons of the Palace Theatre, who "received them most politely." Now Mr. Adrian Ross has had another "go" at them, and, in spite of the fact that they do not noticeably lend themselves to musical treatment, has inserted lyrics here and there and transformed them, or some of them, into musical sketches for the Tivoli. The next, and it is to be hoped the last, phase will probably be that all the dialogue will be suppressed and that they will be presented in ballet form, with perhaps some acrobats thrown in. The result of the latest development is none too successful. If somebody had to interpolate songs into the Hungarian author's dainty playlets it was just as well that Mr. Adrian Ross should be that somebody; but the fact remains that these miniatures were never intended to be treated in this fashion, and that nothing but disimprovement could be expected from the transmutation. Instead of charm we have rough-and-tumble, and the music supplied is hardly of a character to justify the experiment. Anatol is a very delightful creation, but he was never meant to jump about and sing.

The Divine Sarah. The hold that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt retains upon the public is nothing short of astounding. Twice daily throughout the week the Coliseum is crowded with people, knowing little, if any, French, who sit as still as mice under the sway of an actress to whom it is not disrespectful to apply the term veteran. He would be a bold man who would describe the second act of Racine's "Phèdre," for instance, as an ideal music-hall turn, yet by the power of her personality and the cadences of a voice which still retains much of its liquid gold, Mme. Bernhardt grips her audience and wins a reception of which Harry Lauder himself might be proud. For well over thirty years she has been setting forth to Londoners the woes and worries of the harassed Phædra, and to-day she is as successful as ever in keeping her audience enthralled. There appears, on the face of it, no reason to suppose that she will not go on yet for many years performing feats



"FIRST LOVE," THE NEW DANCE EPISODE AT THE EMPIRE: Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT AND M. ALEX. VOLININ.

Photograph by the Murmann Studio.

of fascination which no contemporary actress would dare attempt. Generations may have arisen which knew not Joseph, but generations come and go, and none fails to pay its homage to the great tragédienne. During this and the following week Mme. Bernhardt is playing Act IV. of "Elisabeth, Reine d'Angleterre," and during the succeeding week she will be seen in the one-act "Une Nuit de Noël." Those who go to the Coliseum to witness these productions will do well to stay on for the biograph pictures of Captain Scott's Expedition to the South Pole, which give an idea, otherwise hard to form, of the Antarctic regions, and the life led and the sights seen by our explorers.



DURING HER PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF LOVE, MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS EVERYWOMAN, AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

hard to form, of the ROVER.



NAPIERS, A TRANS-AMERICAN ROAD SCHEME, PARAFFIN, AND DAIMLER PUPILS.

The 15-h.p. 1913 Napier.

The particulars and fresh detail of this car—one of the most popular motor-cars of its power and type in this country—have just reached me, and having regard to the huge number of 15-h.p. Napier chassis in use by the W. and G. and Gamage-Bell Cab Companies in London alone, any information as to improvement in detail has interest for a very large public. In the 1913 Modèle de Luxe and extra-strong Colonial models, Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire-wheels, with a spare wheel, are included, while a four-speed in lieu of a three-speed gear-box can be had for another £15. A convenient addition occurs in connection with the oil-filler to the crank-chamber. This, as is known, is in an eminently accessible position; it is easily and immediately raised for filling, and when this is done, a port in the sump is opened, and, by overflow, shows at once when the sump has been sufficiently charged. The closing down of the lid automatically closes the port. The thermo-syphon system of cooling is retained, extra copper uptakes to the radiator being led from over the exhaust valve-chambers. The Napier multi-disc clutch, than which there is nothing sweeter or better, and the silent under-hung worm-drive are retained.

A Great Project.

The United States is undoubtedly the country of great ideas, which are occasionally carried out. On behalf of our American brethren, then, it is devoutly to be wished that the big notion of constructing a Trans-continental Stone National Highway from New York to San Francisco will have really taken shape by the date suggested—namely, Jan. 1, 1915—which would be in time for the Panama Exhibition. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway are at the bottom of this idea, and in order to provide the necessary capital, it is proposed that one per cent. of the gross receipts of every automobile and accessory firm participating shall be set aside for the purpose. Already every Indianapolis manufacturer has signified his intention of acceding to the arrangement, and at a recent dinner in Indianapolis £60,000 was assured in twenty-seven minutes. Detroit promises to do even better than this. A total of £2,000,000 will provide £1000 for materials for each mile of roadway to be delivered on the ground out of the general fund. The road is to be constructed by the counties through which it passes, under the supervision of War Department engineers.

Paraffin Successfully Employed.

Much has been said and written of late with regard to the substitution, or partial substitution, of paraffin for petrol as the standard fuel for the internal-combustion engines of motor-cars. There is much to be said, of course, for the use of the heavier oil, if only by reason of its lower cost, although it is hinted that, should it ultimately supplant the lighter spirit, its price would at once be advanced to the present price of petrol, as in no case would the Trust Minotaur be deprived of the rate of profit it is at present raking in. If this

be so, then the only stimulant to the production of a perfect paraffin carbureting apparatus is the fact that, with the rapidly increasing growth of motor traffic, there will not be enough petrol to go round even at a sovereign a gallon. But were paraffin to become generally usable in a comparatively short time, motorists might enjoy a fleeting period of cheap fuel, until the Minotaur got to work on one side, and the Government on the other. In this wise I note that the Stewart-Morris Paraffin Carburetter has passed through an R.A.C. 2000-miles test on a 27.3 (R.A.C. rating) Pathfinder car with general all-round success.

Promising Pupilage.

In any progressive and expanding engineering works there is always a difficulty in obtaining material to satisfy the ever-growing demand for men capable of occupying staff positions. Poaching on other firms' preserves is one way out of the difficulty, but it is not the method adopted by the Daimler Company, of Coventry. This particularly advanced firm cause their works carefully to select likely youngsters, and then, having given them every opportunity of acquiring practical experience, to employ them in responsible, although subordinate, positions. A dual scheme has been laid down to deal with both the needs of the engineering and sales staffs, and also of the workmen. Although in the present scheme a premium is required for a Works Pupilship, provision is made for enabling capable men to obtain remission of their fees. But each year five Daimler Works Scholarships, giving free pupilage for two years, and other privileges, are offered. The regulations are so widely drawn as to encourage not only college men, but also the clever boy working his way through the shops. The examination of Sept. 5 last resulted as follows: Senior—E. J. Surman, B.Sc. (Eng.); Hons. Junior—W. W. S. Dardson, B.A., M.S.T.C., L. A. Bollack, E. P. Naish.

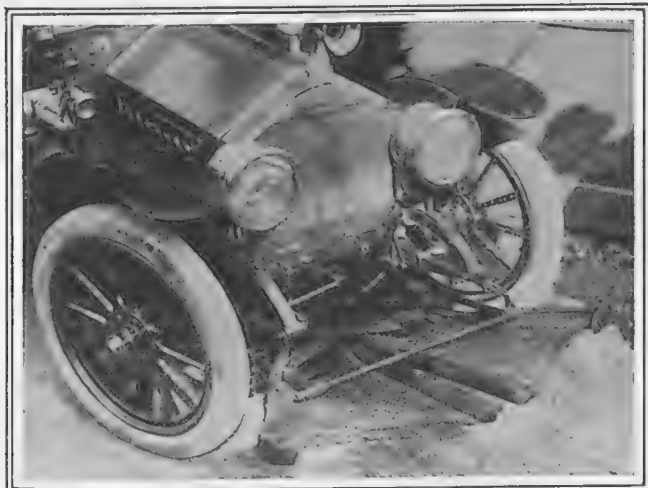
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TRAFFIC GUIDES: NEW KEEP-TO-THE-LEFT POSTS AT THE CORNER OF PALL MALL.

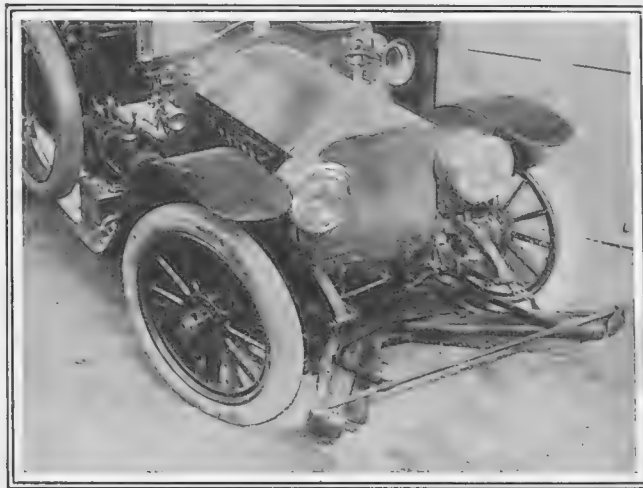
The arrangement here seen has been set up at the end of Pall Mall, leading to St. James's Street. A great deal of traffic passes this point, of course, and vehicles going in the four directions there possible were not always over-particular in keeping to the right side of the road.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

obtain remission of their fees. But each year five Daimler Works Scholarships, giving free pupilage for two years, and other privileges, are offered. The regulations are so widely drawn as to encourage not only college men, but also the clever boy working his way through the shops. The examination of Sept. 5 last resulted as follows: Senior—E. J. Surman, B.Sc. (Eng.); Hons. Junior—W. W. S. Dardson, B.A., M.S.T.C., L. A. Bollack, E. P. Naish.



A MOTOR-CAR WITH A "COW-CATCHER": THE LIFE-SAVER OPEN.
[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Protecting
the
Pedestrian
Against
Himself—
and the
Fast Car:
A Net
for
Catching the
Unwary
Stroller-By.



A MOTOR-CAR WITH A "COW-CATCHER": THE LIFE-SAVER CLOSED.
[Photograph by Sport and General.]



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A CLAIM FOR £1000 PAID.**

A THOUSAND POUNDS for sixpence!

Merely as an arithmetical proposition, and politics apart, it beats ninepence for fourpence into the traditional middle of next week. It has the additional advantage that, unlike the Insurance Act, it does not lend itself to controversy.

This remarkable insurance is offered every week to those purchasers of *The Sketch* who will take the trouble to sign the Coupon which is published regularly in its pages.

Money is no solace for grief, and gold cannot stop the scalding flow of bitter tears when Death, behind the mask of Accident, snatches the breadwinner, or some no less dearly loved one, from the family circle. To the one who is "bereft of life, of love," however, the thought that in the dark hour of anguish there will be

On that day the claim was admitted and dealt with by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd., with which, as *Sketch* readers are aware, the insurance made by the paper for their benefit is effected. The result, as is seen on its reproduction, is that the cheque for the amount in full was drawn on Sept. 30—the third business day after the Coupon was received—and was paid by the bank on Oct. 1. As soon as probate of the will is granted, the amount will be duly handed over to the widow.

The Sketch, which admittedly stands for lightness and brightness, is thus proved able, by its Accident Insurance Policy, to play its part in the most serious moments of life. This consideration is one which cannot help gratifying its tens of thousands of regular subscribers and readers, and must commend itself to the vast army



A THOUSAND POUNDS FOR SIXPENCE: THE CHEQUE PAID TO THE EXECUTRIX OF THE LATE MR. W. B. CORDELLE, WHO SIGNED THE INSURANCE COUPON IN "THE SKETCH," AND SO WAS INSURED AGAINST ACCIDENT FOR £1000.

forthcoming immediately for his family so substantial a sum as a thousand pounds cannot fail to be a source of consolation in his last moments.

The statements of the advantages of *The Sketch* policy of insurance against accidents are fully borne out by the circumstances connected with the recent Ditton Junction railway accident on the London and North Western Railway, and are proved by the cheque which is reproduced on this page. The accident, it will be remembered, happened on Tuesday, Sept. 17. Among the passengers on the ill-fated train was Mr. William Butcher Cordelle, of Victoria Road, Liverpool. Before setting out with that easy confidence with which we all start a journey, especially on the great railway lines of the country, Mr. Cordelle had bought a copy of *The Sketch*, dated Sept. 11, and had duly signed his name on the Coupon which appeared at the bottom of page 1 of that Number. He did not even trouble to write his name in ink. He merely scribbled it in pencil, which is permitted by the terms of the agreement on which the insurance is issued. When he started from home, he left the paper behind him, and his wise forethought has secured to his widow the full sum called for by the Coupon, and that without any loss of time.

Six days after the accident—on Sept. 23—the Liverpool solicitors of Mr. Cordelle wrote reporting his death to *The Sketch*. The letter was received in London on the following day. It was followed on Sept. 26 by the copy of *The Sketch* in which was the signed Coupon.

of travellers whose avocations compel them to journey by rail from one part of the kingdom to the other.

In selecting the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation for effecting its Accident Policy, *The Sketch* chose what may claim to be the largest Casualty Company in the United Kingdom. The magnitude of its business may be gauged by the fact that during last year the Company had to deal with a total of 98,886 accidents—an average of 217 each day. Of these, one per cent., roughly, were fatal, for the number of deaths resulting from them was 966.

The promptness with which the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation have paid *The Sketch's* claim on behalf of the executrix of Mr. Cordelle is characteristic of the dealings of the Company. So wide are the ramifications of its business that it is no exaggeration to say that no catastrophe takes place in the English-speaking world which does not affect it. These catastrophes are not limited to the land, for the Company underwrites an enormous number of seafaring policies, and a shipwreck in any part of the world is certain to produce its quota of claims. The *Titanic* disaster, for instance, cost the Company close on £16,000.

To meet the demands of the insuring public, the Company has branches in practically every important town in the kingdom, as well as in the chief cities of the English-speaking world—in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Shanghai. It has also an important branch in Holland.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Teutonic Young Man.

Nothing is more amusing than to be thrown, temporarily, into the society of foreigners of one's own class, and especially of the young generation which is just triumphantly coming into its kingdom. For, after all, in essentials, we Europeans are all more or less alike, in our dress, ideas, education, sports and amusements. It is only in details that we differ, but it is just these trifles which make a piquant contrast. The young German, for instance, is, as he always was, an amazing mixture of practical common-sense and sentiment. The sentiment is in his bones, inherited from generations of idealistic ancestors, while his quite tremendous efficiency is a product of the last quarter of a century. Your youthful Teuton may be quite fresh from his university or his military service, yet his information is almost excessive. He can instruct you on any subject, from submarines to beet sugar, from colonies to cattle. He will hold forth on Woman and her mission with as much pleasure as he will briefly give you the causes for modern political unrest. Personal hygiene, too, is also one of his topics, so that, in the intervals of telling you about the progress of his love-affair with the *reizendes mädchen* met, last winter, on the sunny slopes of Wengen, he is kind enough to enumerate for you the particular kinds of edibles which agree with him, together with those which do not. And those who, from popular insular prejudice, imagine the young German of to-day as a swaggering fellow, clanking his sword and twisting his Kaiserlich moustache, must be grievously disappointed when they meet these kindly, genial, and polite Teutonic youngsters—all of whom, be it remembered, are drilled and trained for war. In short, Mars, in his modern guise, is a quite tame and domesticated individual.

The Real Germany.

So many pert, supercilious books have been written about Germany of late—books obviously designed to pander to British snobbishness and British vanity—that one likes to recall one's recollections of the real Germany where one lived and studied, and to which one returns, now and again, with something of the friendly feelings of one's youth. The books I speak of always make great sport with Teutonic thrift and housewifely virtues; but are these things which can properly be made the subject of satire without making the satirist look ridiculous? These attacks somehow invariably fail of their effect, and leave one sympathising with the blonde *gräfin* who go out to balls on foot, with goloshes over their pretty satin slippers, and knotted scarves over their elaborately dressed hair. For the German girl, however careful, and however plainly attired about the house, is not a frump when she goes out to conquer. Her dress must be well made, her gloves and ribbons fresh, her hair elaborately done by a hairdresser. If she makes cakes and salads by day, she is quite ready to converse on abstruse subjects at night; and if she did not give way quite so abjectly

to her menkind (a proceeding which is bad for them), she would be a very satisfactory specimen of the genus modern woman. For in the real Germany the girls are clever and pretty, and the young men polite though spoilt. It is only when looking through the yellow glasses of national prejudice that we two great Teutonic peoples see each other so distorted. The chief difference in our home life seems to be that we Britons talk about economy but seldom practise it, whereas the German is apt to make it part of his daily life, so that it is understood but not talked about.

The Land of the Country House.

Lord Rosebery recently described the life of an English country gentleman as "the happiest life on earth," and I fancy Great Britain is the only land where people of a certain amount of wealth and leisure prefer to live in the country instead of in capitals. Of late years, the tendency of Londoners to "get out of" London has been very marked, and the women, oddly enough, have taken to the innovation with even greater enthusiasm than the men. Woman—who was once not supposed to be able to support existence when more than two miles from a hat-shop—now claps a woolly cap upon her head and spends most of her days on the golf links or in the tennis-court, wisely preferring health and open-air to all the strange fallals which Paris can invent. But then, to be sure, we have made country life an art; it is the one social experiment, the one essay in the art of living in which we have eclipsed all competitors. The country house is the place where the Briton and his lady-wife, together with their high-spirited progeny, are always at their best and easiest. The Englishman—unless he is an inveterate Londoner, a haunter of clubs and theatres—is more at home in the fields than on the pavement. And, nowadays, the smallest country houses have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that a millionaire might sit down with a sigh of satisfaction in one of these tasteful but minute residences. The only folk who, nowadays, do not seem to want to stay in the country are the very people who are wanted most—the peasant and the small agriculturist. Perhaps we shall live to see the day when English potatoes are planted by Japanese, and our fields ploughed by Chinese coolies.



FOR THE CASINO OR THE RESTAURANT: A GOWN OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL NINON UNDER BLUE NET.

The dress here illustrated consists of a swathing of mother-of-pearl Ninon veiled with blue net. It has a beaded lace band passing under the drapery, and a back pleat of sapphire-blue velvet. The hat is of white Ninon lined with blue velvet.

That Schoolgirl Again.

A pretty pother has been going on as to whether the modern schoolgirl has charm. Now this would be the last thing I should demand of a growing child who was up to her ears in examination-papers, and whose leisure must be spent playing hockey or lacrosse. All this preoccupation with that unfinished article which is to be found in the schoolroom is absurd; as well might we be continually digging up a bulb in a garden to see how it is getting on. The schoolgirl is in process of making, and the most modern schools do not include fascination in the curriculum. These things are innate, or must be acquired at home.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 23.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

THE Stock Markets have been entirely dominated by the political situation in the Balkans, and during the early part of last week the tone was decidedly depressed. The Continent was responsible for the largest part of the selling, and even those departments not directly affected were sympathetically weak. With the improvement in the outlook, however, there has been a pretty general rally, and the bulk of the losses have been recovered. Discounts have ruled very firm, as Thursday's Bank Return did not make a very good showing, chiefly owing to the American demand for gold. There was a net efflux of bullion amounting to £1,774,000, and further demands for gold are imminent, so it would occasion but little surprise if the Bank Rate were further increased before long.

The announcement that the new Canadian Pacific capital will be offered at 75 dollars premium was well received on Thursday, as it came up to the best expectations of the Market; and the price of the shares recovered from the drop which it had experienced earlier in the week. The proportion will be three new shares for every ten now held, which makes the bonus 24 dollars a share at the present quotations.

Among Mines the chief interest was occasioned by the announcement of the Rio Tinto interim dividend, and the distribution of £2 per share against 22s. 6d. a year ago was considered excellent. The shares were consequently marked up, and the rest of the Copper division were also supported. The final dividend is now being discussed, and the general opinion seems to be that it should be about £3, but it seems early yet to prophesy.

RIO DE JANEIRO STATE LOAN.

This issue came out at a most unfortunate time—indeed, just at the time when the depression of the European stock markets by the Balkan crisis was at its height. And the result was that the underwriters were saddled with a very large part of their commitments—about 85 per cent., in fact. The price, consequently, dropped to a discount, at one time as much as 1½, and although there has been a slight recovery, the scrip can be bought at 95½.

The loan is well secured on the revenue of the State, which is one of the best in Brazil, and will yield about 5½ per cent. to the investor, without taking into account the fact that a full coupon will be paid on April 1, 1913, and that there will be a bonus on the redemption by drawings at par from the proceeds of a sinking fund, commencing on Oct. 1, 1915. This is one of those cases where a wise investor may lock up the bonds with considerable confidence, feeling secure of a good return by way of interest, and—apart from a general European war, which would upset everything—with every prospect of the price gradually appreciating to nearly par within the next few months.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

The season of the Argentine Railway dividends is now coming along—in fact, those of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western were announced last week, and, rather naturally, occasioned some disappointment. The Reports are now awaited with considerable interest, as is also some announcement as to the scheme of amalgamation, which is known to have been before the Argentine Government for some time.

In an interview last week, Mr. Farquar emphasised the fact that the group of which he is head had no intention of acquiring any interest in these two Companies; but we have very little doubt that the activity of the group has strengthened the feeling in favour of the amalgamation, as it would make any such project much more difficult of fulfilment if it were attempted in the future.

With regard to the outlook for Argentine Rails in general, we continue to be optimistic. Whatever may be the present dividends, a very large amount of capital has been expended upon the lines of late, and this must become reproductive before very long.

THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

The announcement that the Central London Railway Company are to apply to Parliament for powers to extend their system into the Thames Valley does not come altogether as a surprise, since for some time past it has been clear that some such step is necessary to its existence. For some years the number of passengers carried has steadily decreased, and the 3 per cent. dividend has only been maintained with difficulty. The ratio of working expenses has been gradually reduced, but even so reserves are woefully inadequate, and depreciation has had to be neglected to an unfortunate extent.

The recently opened extension to Liverpool Street will, it is hoped, help to increase the gross receipts, but up to the present no great improvement has been shown. Since June 30 last the increase has amounted to only £597. It is quite clear that the Tube Railways cannot hope to score in competition with the motor-buses, except

over long-distance traffic, and that, presumably, is the reason of this new step.

The route, although not officially decided upon, will, it is understood, be through Chiswick to Kew and Richmond, and, possibly, Kingston as well. The project is a bold one, and the traffic for which it is now proposed to cater is highly competitive. The London and South Western are considering the electrification of their suburban lines, and it looks as though it would be more advantageous to both of them to come to some arrangement to link up the two systems, instead of becoming competitors. The Central London already runs to the Great Eastern terminus; it is soon to be joined to the Great Western at Acton; and if it were also in a position to handle part of the South Western's traffic as well, its position would then be very different, and it could afford to regard with equanimity the loss of its short-distance traffic to the motor-bus companies.

MOUNT ELLIOT.

A correspondent has written to us asking our opinion of this Company, and, as Copper shares are attracting a great deal of attention at present, it may be of interest to others also if we set out the position, as we see it, in full.

The ore-reserves in sight in the spring of this year consisted of 90,000 tons, containing 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. copper; 20,000 to 30,000 tons probable ore, containing 10 per cent. copper; and 125,000 tons of low-grade ore, assaying only about 3 per cent.

During the six months ending August, 30,800 tons of ore were treated, and 4000 tons of copper recovered—that is to say, 13 per cent. It is clear, therefore, that only the highest-grade ore is being used at present and, at the best, there are only some eighteen months' reserves in sight of this grade.

Developments at lower levels have only revealed low-grade ores, and when the price of copper falls, and 3 per cent. ore is being treated, the results will be very different. We think, therefore, that the shares are much too high at present, and cannot advise anyone to purchase them.

CANADA.

There is a growing feeling of uneasiness in many quarters with regard to the financial outlook for Canada in the near future. The country's immense natural wealth assures its ultimate prosperity, but for some time past borrowing has been on a tremendous scale, and it looks as though the pace is getting too hot.

In their weekly circular, Messrs. Stoneham have gone very fully into the economic position, and some of the resulting figures are certainly startling, and should give those interested in the country furiously to think.

During the seven years ending 1911, Canada borrowed some 172 millions of British capital, and the total of Canadian securities officially quoted in London amounts to over 400 millions sterling. Interest has got to be paid on this sum every year, and, if all were well, should be paid by means of exports. If, however, the figures relating to imports and exports be examined, it will be found that, during the last decade, the balance of trade has been steadily against Canada. Up till March of last year, imports exceeded exports by about 114 millions, and during 1911 alone, this excess amounted to £40,000,000. Since 1902 exports have increased by just over 40 per cent., while imports have increased by nearly 140 per cent. It is clear from these figures that, very far from paying interest by means of exports, the country is only doing so by means of fresh borrowing, which is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

We do not wish to seem unduly pessimistic, and the sound Companies will undoubtedly be able to weather the storm when it comes, as assuredly it must do before long, but many concerns which are to-day paying dividends will go to the wall. Land values have become especially inflated, and will be the first to tumble, so that shares of those Companies dealing in land and mortgages need very careful selection.

CEMENTS.

When we referred to the shares of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers a week or so back, we expressed the opinion that they were too high, and the Report which has now been issued confirms this view. The shares appear to be just as far from receiving a dividend as they were a year ago.

Contrary to general expectations, trading profits have fallen by £52,000, and, at the same time, the Debenture debt has been increased by £600,000, bringing the total up to over 4½ millions, and there seems to be every probability that it will be further increased before long.

Profits will have to be considerably increased before the Preference dividend is comfortably secure. The directors look for good results from the new works in Mexico and Canada, and the present high price of cement will certainly help things; but Mexico is in a very unsettled condition.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Our Stroller was shown into a handsome waiting-room; his broker was engaged. On a Chippendale table stood a Delft bowl, from which sprang three tall chrysanthemums of perfect curves, and lemon in colour. A few first-proof engravings were on the walls; a curtain discreetly hid a line of maps on spring rollers,

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Balkan Blouses.

Even the threatened loosening of the dread dogs of war has an influence on feminine dress. The rising of the four small States against the great Ottoman Empire enlists the sympathies of women, who ever incline to champion the weaker side. Leanings, therefore, towards Turkish trousers have given place to decided predilections in favour of Bulgarian blouses. These are really long tunics, tightly fitting round the hips, and bordered first with embroidery, and then with fur. The blouse rolls back at the neck in loose revers, showing a vest of embroidery of bright rich colour, and a chemisette and collar of ivory-white net. The skirt, if there be one, is finished at the hem with fur and embroidery. Some ladies decline to cut the figure, as dressmakers would say, and continue the Balkan blouse to near the ankles, which are encased in high laced boots, the laces finished with natty little tassels. That picturesque personage, Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, gives, in his native dress, the keynote for the Balkan styles. Romance attaches to a ruler who continues, with a new and effective title, the old blood of the Bourbon kings. He is a grandson of Louis Philippe. Therefore, we may expect fashion to be more or less influenced by modes warlike for a time.

In Days of Old.

When nights were cold, or summer sun shone bright as gold, there was a charm in homes, often absent from those of the modern mixed climate and more



GETTING THE FISH TO "FOLLOW ON": MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (MISS EDNA MAY) AND MRS. SCOTT-MURRAY FLY-FISHING ON THE TAY.

Mrs. Lewisohn, who is seen on the right in the photograph, left the stage after her marriage in 1907, though she appeared last year in the cause of charity for one week in her famous part in "The Belle of New York." The song "Follow On," in that piece, was one of her greatest hits.—[Photograph by Topical.]

strenuous times. Desire to reintroduce that charm accounts for the success of Bartholomew and Fletcher, 217-218, Tottenham Court Road. They have ever loved the taste and soundness of design shown in the furniture beloved of our ancestors. They have diligently collected genuine antiques; and, realising that the demand for them must ever be in excess of the supply, they make very wonderful reproductions in genuine old wood of the best periods, fashioned, with rare skill, precisely like the model pieces, and sold at prices much more moderate than are given for these. A really interesting and charmingly illustrated booklet just published by the firm, "An Eighteenth Century Home," by J. H. Thorne, shows much of this charm, and is full of information as to the furniture of the times of our great-grandparents. This is gleaned from full-page pictures of different rooms in an old house. The letterpress is merely transcription and slight alteration of some notes about these rooms found in an oaken Bible-box. The book is worth writing for, solely for its old-world quaintness. On a recent visit to the firm's galleries, I saw many beautiful pieces of real old furniture—one was a William and Mary cabinet that showed the oyster-

shell inlay more perfectly than I had ever before seen it.

A Mad World, is any
My Masters. doubt on

this subject, a visit to the Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries will eradicate it. "Either the artist is mad or I am," was the comment of a middle-aged lady, contemplating "Conversation," by Henri Matisse. It looks like a child's drawing influenced by shop-window posters and Japanese prints; and the two figures—one a man, apparently in pyjamas, the other a woman, apparently in a dressing-gown—look quite incapable of conversation: Dutch dolls would be lively and intelligent in comparison. There are other pictures as incomprehensible; and a friend just from Paris says that an exhibition there is like the work of inmates of idiot and lunatic asylums. It is a curious phase, this epidemic of queerness: it has invaded dress, music, art, literature, and conduct. Will it develop, and if so, where will it land us?

The Rub Recommended.

Not of the green this time, but of a new and very delightful soap introduced by Price's of great fame. It is called by a name that appeals to everyone, "Regina May"; and no greater praise can be given than to say it is worthy of its name—in goodness, purity, and agreeableness.

A Riddle.

The guessing game is evidently being pursued by some of the evening papers in a new guise, and with no prize offered. Here is a paragraph—how enlightening, instructive, and entertaining, let those who read judge. "Besides the two interesting rumours of engagements referred to in this column a short time ago, another very important one is on the tapis. This rumour refers to the daughter of a Duke, while the prospective bridegroom is very wealthy, and is the brother of the lady whose name has already been linked with that of the heir to a well-known peerage." It is to be hoped that

daughters of Dukes, wealthy bachelors, and brothers of ladies whose names have been linked with those of heirs to well-known peerages before the hymeneal altar, or previously, may sleep easy in their beds o' nights! The slumbers of the reading public will hardly be disturbed by this interesting (?) rumour.



MIXING THE FISH AND DESSERT: A WALNUT CABINET WITH OYSTER-SHELL INLAY.

The cabinet is a fine example of genuine old furniture of the William and Mary period. It is to be seen at Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's, 217, Tottenham Court Road.—[Photograph by Booker and Sullivan.]



TIPIFYING THE FIRST MILESTONE IN "MILESTONES": THE MODEL OF H.M.S. "WARRIOR," LENT BY THE THAMES IRONWORKS, ON VIEW AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

The launch of H.M.S. "Warrior," the first iron ship, forms practically the starting-point of "Milestones," which celebrates its 250th performance on Oct. 10 at the Royalty. The original model of the vessel has been lent to Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie by Mr. Frederick B. Smart, manager of the Thames Ironworks, builders of the ship. The fireman in the picture, Henry Hughes, was born in the year of the launch, 1860, and served in the "Warrior" from 1880 to 1882.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Continued from page 30.]

fastened near the window. The carpet was of the thickest pile, and a massive inkstand was the only thing out of place in that room.

By-and-by the broker entered.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, old man," he apologised. "Just had a lady client in to see me. She talked largely of the prospects for Oil, and after wasting a solid twenty minutes of my time, she gave me an order to buy twenty Mexican Eagle Ordinary."

"That won't go far to pay for the office furniture," laughed Our Stroller. "By-the-way, if you will allow me to say so, I think you have fitted up the place in excellent taste."

"Glad you like it. We haven't quite finished yet. I'm going to have—" and he sketched out a few necessary alterations. "When those are completed, we shall be better able to entertain our best clients": this with a profound bow.

"I fear my visits are even less profitable than those of the lady who wanted to buy twenty Oil shares."

"You have introduced us some very excellent business in the provinces, so, even on the lowest grounds, we should be glad to see you at all times. But I wish you would allow us—"

"I thought we settled that point long ago," replied Our Stroller. "I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. I'm not a what-d'you-call-it? Runner, is that right?"

"Near enough," said his broker. "But what are your friends going to do with their Yankees? They have fine profits."

"Which will be finer still, by-and-by. We are all horridly bullish about Americans. Do you think we're wrong?"

"No fear. It's the market of the day, and is going to leave all the rest behind. You are quite right to stick to Unions for speculating in."

"Unions and Steels appeal to us because of the free market in them. I've heard lots of people say Steels are on the straight road to 100."

"And if the Union Pacific increases its dividend, as may well turn out to be the case, we shall see a rise of at least twenty dollars there."

"Why don't Eries go?"

"Too many of them about. But you'll see them spurt one of these days. I believe they are the things to accumulate for putting-away purposes."

"Canadas will look cheap at 260 ex rights."

"Won't they! Wonderful shares, Canadas. There have been huge fortunes made, and legitimately made, over Canadas. That fleet must be paying well, now."

"Up North, all the shipping people are as busy as they can be. I've heard men say they don't know how long the boom's going to last, but that it's a fine thing for shipping companies at present."

"I bought a few Cunards for myself," said the broker. "The price got up to 38s., and then went back a florin. Since when, it has stuck about 36s."

"Cunards are all right for something over 40s.," said Our Stroller. "At least, so the people tell me who ought to know how the concern's doing."

"What we should like to see," said the broker, "is a good, old-fashioned Kaffir boom. Your cigar's gone out, hasn't it? Won't you take another?" and he pushed the box across.

"If your fire were less cheery I would ask you to take me down to the Street—always supposing you have no more letters and contracts to sign."

"None that are ready. Come along."

He switched off the tenderly shaded electric light, and the pair proceeded to Throgmorton Street.

"Makes you heartbroken to see the Kaffir Market reduced to that, doesn't it?" and he pointed to the little knot of listless, shivering men who were hanging about in the hope, rather than in the expectation, of making three-ha'pence on fifty shares before they went home.

"Will it ever come again?"

"Oh, yes," said the broker, in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"May take a long time; may come to-morrow. Some of the dealers—I say, William, when is the Kaffir Market going to wake up? My client here would like to know."

"He isn't the only one, either," was the retort. "They say in here that the Market's going to be good this month; but—I don't know," and he shrugged his shoulders, partly with the cold, partly with the incredulity begotten of hope long deferred.

"Lucky there wasn't a Kaffir boom going last week," commented the broker. "It would certainly have got badly nipped by the Balkans crisis."

"This Balkans business is a beastly nuisance," said the jobber indignantly. "Coming to interfere with us just as we were getting into a healthy swing! It's rotten!"

"Nigerians seem to be about as healthy as South Africans," Our Stroller observed. "I suppose it's right to continue sitting on the shares?"

"Anglo-Continentials will be run up again, sure as fate."

"What makes you say so?"

"There are lines of shares to come out when conditions become more favourable."

"You mean the so-called tap at 15-8?"

"No; the people I mean are wanting more like 25-8. And one day I verily believe they'll get it."

"A day that you and I will never live to see, unless we take early precautions against freezing to death," laughed Our Stroller, as he walked off his broker down the Street.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. M. U. (Ireland).—Vallambrosa—a first-class Rubber Company, which will probably pay 175 per cent. again; there looks room for a rise of a few shillings. Seafields are also sound. We do not like to prophesy as to the course of the Market.

OXRUNTLE.—We do not like the Canadian share you mention. The other two are fair, but we should prefer Chilean Northern Railway Debentures or Leopoldina Terminal Debentures for your purpose.

S. B. C.—We are afraid International Maikop shares are hopeless, and think you would be wise to cut your loss.

SOLDIER.—See paragraph this week.

NOBREGA.—(1) Quite sound; hold. (2) Hold for improvement in Kaffirs. (3) Speculative; but last year was a bad one, and the Company should do much better during the current one. (4) A cable last week stated that a rich property had been struck in Nigeria, but shares are very speculative, and we do not advise a purchase.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO THE COBALT TOWNSITE MINE;
SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND HIS PARTY AT COBALT.

Photograph by G. A. Smith.



Gas fire comfort

means comfort in every room in the house.

A coal fire has to be laid, lighted, coaxed into a blaze, carefully watched, and constantly replenished. In the morning there are grates to clean, stoves to polish, fires to be relaid, coals to be carried—often, it seems hardly worth while for the short time a fire is wanted.

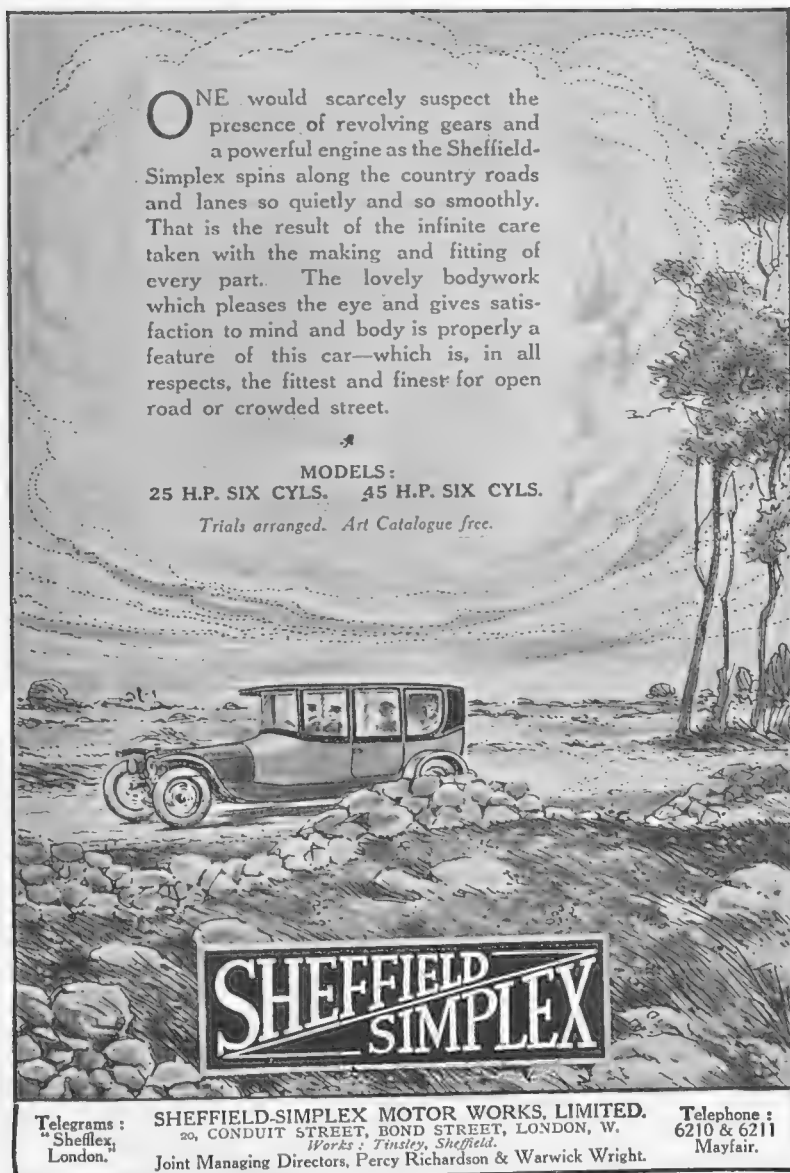
A gas fire only needs a match and the heat can be adjusted at will—when you've done with it you turn it out—that's all!

: Doctors use and :
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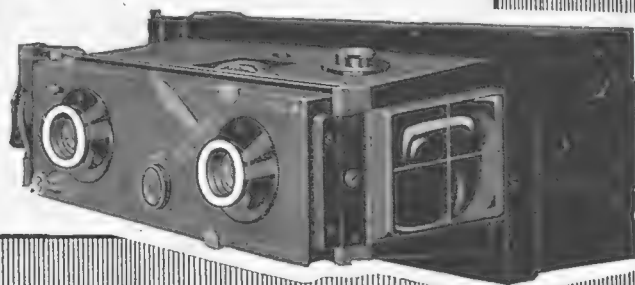




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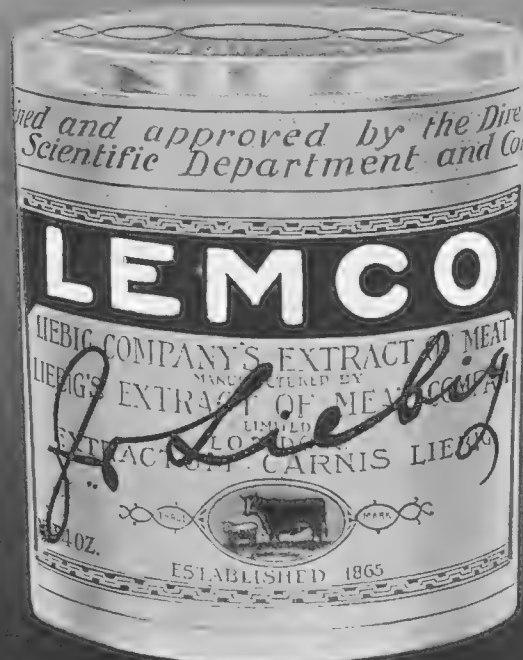
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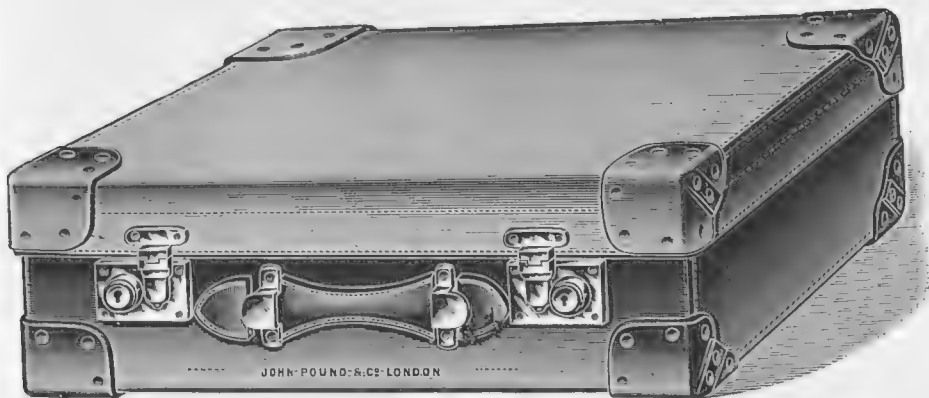
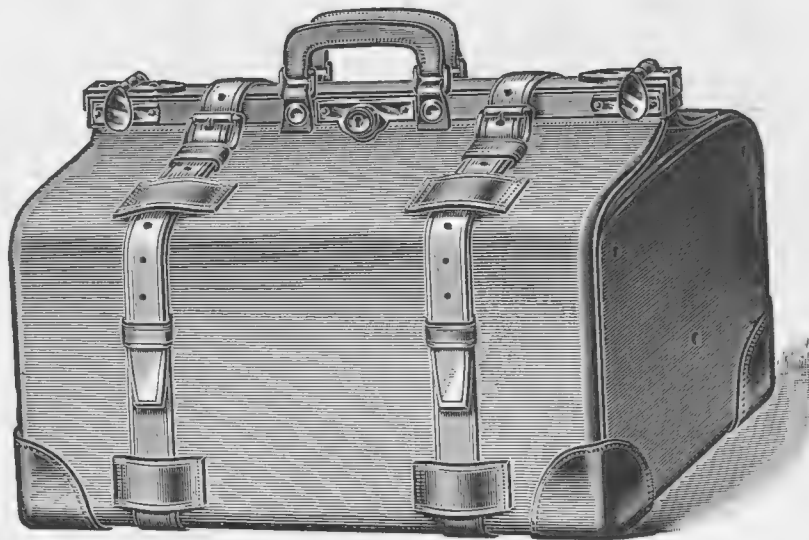
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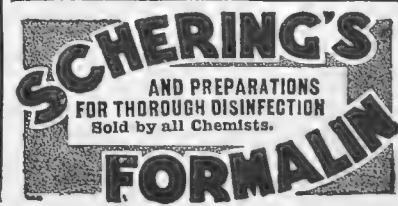


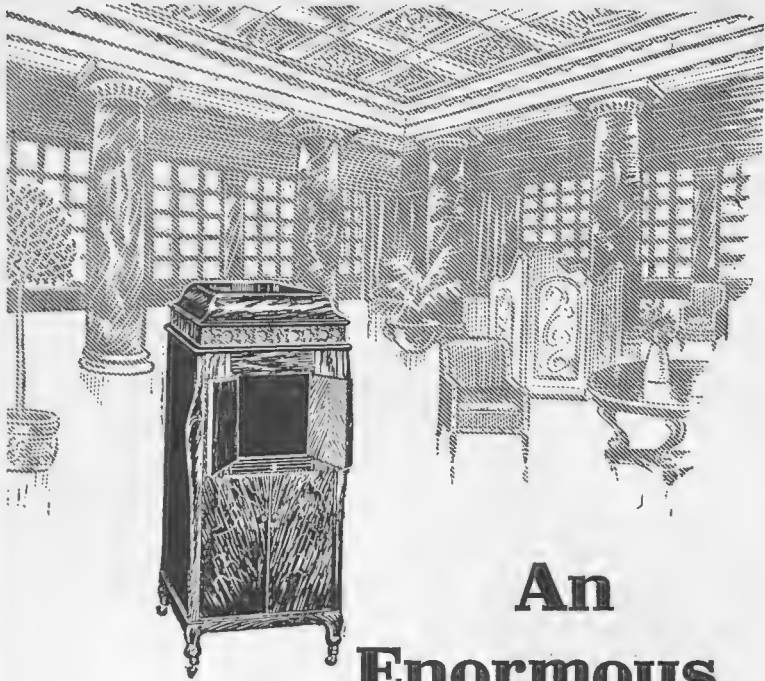
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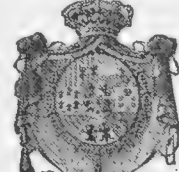
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(Continued.)

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"The Badge that will get you Home" Scheme of the Royal Automobile Club is already demonstrating its usefulness. Several cases have already been preferred—the first being a breakdown in Cornwall, several miles from the Land's End, which happened to be the Associate's destination. In another case, a member's car came to a dead stop from failure of the magneto; while another ran into flood water and was brought to a halt. In these three cases, it was impossible for the journey to be completed; and so the passengers were conveyed to their destinations, or the cars towed home at the expense of the Club. In other cases, the presentation of the brass talisman issued with the badge brought immediate assistance from a Club repairer, who was able to effect repairs or make replacements.

A Home Substitute for Petrol.

Now that so much attention is being concentrated on the production of a home-grown fuel to take the place of the costly petrol, and avoid the possibility of a fuel famine, it will go hard if something serious and practical does not come out of the smother. I note that certain correspondents are still harping on the alcohol string, although they must realise that to make the use of this fuel practical, a task equivalent to the removal of a mountain has to be achieved. A Government Department has to reorganise part of our fiscal system, and to make it do that is, perhaps, as easy as the entry of the rich man into heaven. On this count, then, I fear that the suggestion to use equal parts of benzol and alcohol will meet with as much objection as the usage of alcohol alone: for in the eyes of the Inland Revenue people alcohol is a sacred thing. On the other hand, as is pointed out by a correspondent in the *Motor*, you can't drink the mixture, because benzol is poisonous, and when once mingled in equal parts, one cannot be driven off by distillation without the other. Also the mixture has been used with good effect with modern engines and carburettors.

Something Like an Average.

If the last Brooklands Meeting of this season goes down to posterity at all, it will assuredly be in connection with the result of the great race for the O'Gorman Trophy. When I say a great "race," I should, perhaps, use the word "performance," for so far as racing was concerned, it was Vauxhall first and the next quite a long way away. The conditions of the O'Gorman Trophy permit any sort of doping;

that is to say, if the entrant of any car is of opinion that the addition of oxygen, hydrogen, or any other form of chemical ginger added to the fuel will endow his car with an extra kick or two, he is at liberty to add it in any proportion he may think fit. Now, by the speed attained by the 20.1-h.p. Vauxhall, it might have enjoyed the addition of one or any or all of these things, for the whole distance was covered by the winning car at an average speed of 92½ miles per hour. However, nothing but plain petrol was used, but that in a manner special to the Vauxhall people. Great sympathy was expressed for Mr. R. S. Mitchell, on the 18.8-h.p. Straker-Squire, who would have finished a rattling good second, but for going an extra lap in mistake, and letting the 15.9-h.p. Singer up. As it was, the S.-S. was third, extra lap and all.

Curious Press Motorphobia.

The automobile world, as a whole, would, assuredly, be glad to learn what is really at the bottom of the recrudescence of motorphobia in a certain section of the Press. It is sought to prejudice motoring in the eyes of the authorities by collecting and collating each and every accident which can be attributed in any way to a motor-car, or where a motor-car is present. No great exception could be taken to the crusade if only common fairness characterised the effort. But on analysis the so-called motor fatalities which are alleged to be so great a menace to the public are found, after all, to have been for the most part accidents, in which only the motorists concerned were inconvenienced or injured. In an analysis of a series by the *Motor*, it is shown that, in a two-column recital of mixed accidents—not all motor-car accidents, by the way—there were only three in which the general public were concerned. Again, what is at the bottom of this curious Press motorphobia?

Hoggish Driving Here.

I note that editorial reference is made in a current issue of a leading motor journal to hoggish driving. By that I mean the failure on the part of a certain section of motor-drivers—mostly paid drivers, I am sorry to say—driving privately owned cars, to give a fair half of the road to a passing car. But, oh! the shame of it: in the case before me, which has prompted this paragraph, the driver was a lady, or, at all events, of the feminine sex. Probably her selfishness was due to bad masculine example, but it is to be hoped that these protests may come to her notice, and that she may mend her ways. It is difficult to divine why, in a country whose motto is fair-play, this objectionable and dangerous practice should obtain so largely. I am told it is quite otherwise on the Continent.

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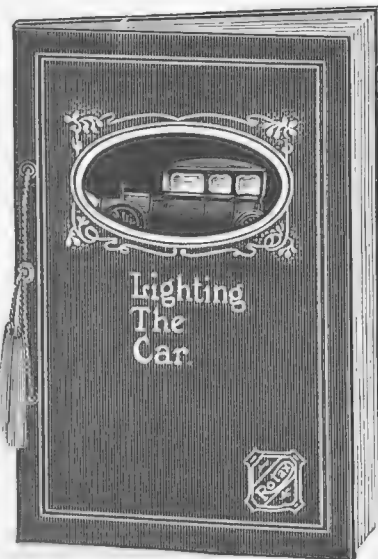
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Heads for Over Head; The Lady of the Two Hundred Hats; Queens of Crisis; Miss Edyth Goodall; Miss Alexandra Carlisle as Everywoman; "The Little Café," at the Playhouse; "Everywoman," at Drury Lane; The Picture or the Baby? Fishers in Scottish Waters; the £400 Golf Tournament; "The Turning Point," at the St. James's.

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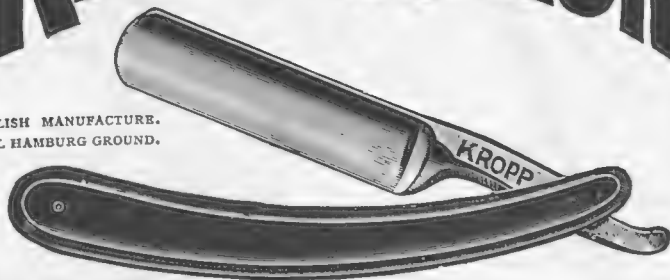
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67, Hatton Garden, London.



CUFF COMMENTS.

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

GENEVA'S Peace Congress has been having some lively times. The delegates interrupted and contradicted one another, and some observers even hint that they came to blows. Many have wondered what the phrase "Seek peace and ensue it" means. It seems likely that in their little squabbles the Peace Congress were "ensuing" it.

October the First, we are informed, was "Every Cat's Day." Well, every dog has his day, so why should not every cat?

Colwyn, Brecknockshire, with a district rate of only 2½d. in the pound, seems as if it would claim the honours for the cheapest suburb. But there is always some little drawback, and in this case it appears to be the season-ticket rate.

"Life is too short not to learn all you can in it," says the Duke of Argyll. But, on the other hand, Life is too short to learn all you could in it.

MORE BIOLOGICAL ANALOGIES.

(A writer who was there says that Mr. Roosevelt did not do much in Africa, as his bulk and talk scared the game. As we thought, that Romanes Lecture was more fatal than his gun.)

Two years ago, and over, in this column I advanced

The theory that Theodore's sensational Achievements as a sportsman were considerably enhanced

By his even greater prowess conversational;

That, when hunting lions and tigers in the wilds of far Uganda,

It was just as well that Kermit seldom missed, or he

Would alleviate the bungle by declaiming in the jungle

Biological Analogies of History.

Mr. Roosevelt had a weapon which was worth a Maxim gun,

Or an elephant, or camel-mounted battery,

For he scared the jungle's denizens, and got them on the run,

With his size and little way of being chatter.

In his hands Romanes' Lecture was more deadly in effect

Than a rifle, for there isn't any mystery

That he slew each luckless beast with that intellectual feast,

Biological Analogies of History.

One of those sportsmen who are always worrying us about our food says that onions are worth their weight in gold. Personally, I prefer gold. *Non olet.*

A Grimsby magistrate says that it is both legally and morally wrong for a husband to refuse to get up during the night and warm the baby's food. Now then, you wretched, selfish bachelors, what more encouragement do you want before you get married?

The "Dreary Football" winter has now succeeded the "Dreary Cricket" summer. Once more, there is only one thing for it. All the tit-bits of both games on the cinematograph in a nice warm theatre, and no sitting on damp seats in the open for the real sporty-boys.

LOVE LUNACY.

("You don't know what people will do when they are in love."—Remark by His Honour Judge Eardley Wilmot.)

Oh, your Honour Judge Eardley Wilmot!

How could you say such a tactless thing?

That a judge doesn't know

How the March Hares go

Through a young man's fancy in early spring?

Think of Romeo, surnamed Monty,

He who wished he were born a glove;

Will Shakespeare knew,

(And Frank Bacon, too)

That we're idiots all when we fall in love.

Oh, your Honour Judge Eardley Wilmot!

Are there no novels upon your shelf?

If you're so rash

As to call them trash,

What did you do as a lad yourself?

Don't you know the divine aflatus

Lifts all lovers the world above?

Stop! I own you're right,

For one *doesn't* know quite;

Since we're idiots all when we fall in love!

An East African Giant Snail at the "Zoo" has laid an egg for the first time. Did it go into a corner and make a noise like a hen?

Manchester has been holding a three days' mission to give policemen a "high Christian conception of their duties." To practical Socialists this course supplies a long-felt want. They have always held that the police were too much given to interfering with the liberty of the subject in public places.

"John Henry is a pet chimpanzee who not long ago escaped from a motor-car in Oxford Street. He unscrewed the spare wheel and bowled it merrily along the pavement." From the Wild West End; or, Oxford Street as a Health Resort.

Women have butted into the Presidential Election, U.S.A., the Wilsonettes with a bare-legged club, and the Tattettes with a silk-stock club, both designed as living tariff arguments. The Wilsonettes may gain a *succès de curiosité* at the start, but the Tattettes have the more becoming mode in the long run; unless the Theodorettes win a victory for American prudery by denying the existence of both legs and stockings.



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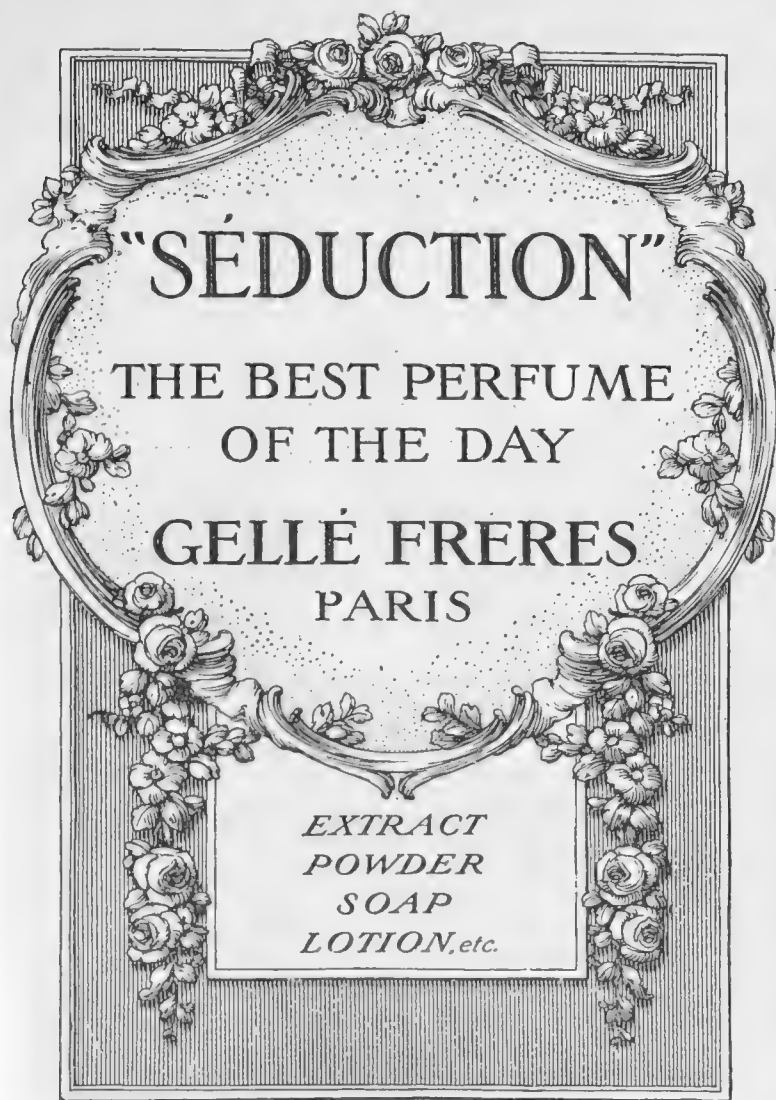
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Three Women."

By NETTA SYRETT.

(Chatto and Windus.)

Three women of widely varying temperaments solve their difficulties and achieve their fate under Miss Syrett's pen. There is Phillida Thorold: her brilliant, emotional girlhood had culminated in a rapturous marriage; the ten succeeding years of degradation with an abnormal drunkard and her child's death—born morbid and neurotic—had frozen her intensity of youth to stony apathy; then widowhood broke the apathy into hopeless pain, and a wise friend sent her to Katharine Verney. The same wise friend observed once of Katharine: "Attractive, but sterile. She has champagne instead of blood in her veins, and it fizzes her very neatly through life." "There are lots of me about, nowadays, you know," observed Miss Verney, of herself. "I'm a sort of new type that's getting evolved. It's lost nearly all of sex except just the instinct to attract. After all, it's only just a bit of me, a poor survival, you know, that wants sexual experience. The rest is all quite reasonable, and wants freedom and a career." Katharine had kept an antique-shop in Chelsea, but being a shrewd business woman, she was soon keeping one in Mayfair, with Phillida as æsthetic partner. Both women lived in beautifully appointed rooms, and lived, with regard to meals, quite like civilised men. Lastly, there is Rosamund Steele. Her studio in St. John's Wood, which was also her home, slatternly and luxurious, saw such casual art-efforts as she made to justify her studentship at the Slade. Well received by Bohemians and upper middle class alike, she was small, fair, and undeniably lovely. She was also a seducer as triumphant as Lovelace himself, and infinitely less moral. These are the three of whose interwoven lives Miss Syrett has written brilliantly. Only Katharine is in any sense "new": Rosamund and Phillida are as old as Circe and the Madonna, if not Eve; but Katharine is so vital, so pervading, that she lends an air disturbingly modern to the whole. Of course, she deplored Phillida's hankering after love—the old-fashioned love that was woman's whole existence. Love, if you like, for women who can't do without it; but, in heaven's name, not out of all proportion to everything else in life. Keep it light. And when Phillida confessed that her lover was restive, that he wanted acknowledged, not furtive possession, she saw only a man with a little boy's passion for cake, who, for his own sake, should be restrained. And so we have travelled to this from Jane Eyre and Maggie Tulliver! "Even to the most lovable

women," and this is Katharine again, "there is a great change coming. They are beginning to fear their own emotions. To dread the 'woman's whole existence' attitude towards love, for instance. And can you wonder, when so many of them are left bankrupt?" Never has Miss Syrett been so provocative and so charming. Her method of conversation is exceptionally adroit. Always it conveys the epigrammatic sense, without the crudity of epigram. As like this, when two women and a man discussed the "new" woman: Phillida thought women had always been what they are now—potentially; and Katharine that all sorts of qualities had been evoked in them by modern conditions. "In other words, the serpent was always in the heart of the dove, waiting its chance?" said the man lightly. "Oh, serpents and doves!" exclaimed Katharine, with vivacious scorn. "We don't come out of the Zoological Gardens! We're just human beings who are learning to lead lives of our own, unrelated to men."

"Darneley Place."

By RICHARD BAGOT.

(Methuen.)

Telepathy, Spiritism, and a Sicilian vendetta lend their sensation to Mr. Bagot's story. They fail to charm away the conviction that it would have been a better story at half the length. To quote the conversationally elusive Mrs. Lascelles, the heroine's aunt, "it was all very complicated—quite like a thing in a book, you know." The Squire of Darneley had eloped years ago with a beautiful Italian. He acts in various ways under three surnames, shuts up his house and surrounds himself with all imaginable mystery. The resources of his wealth and his spiritistic studies are used to shelter the girl who is the offspring of the elopement, but who is not known as such till the final chapter. Too many chapters go to repetition, as that one which Giovanni devotes to his account of the evening with Squire Darneley, every impression which he gives to the Cardinal having been already detailed at great length previously, and several of them recounted at least three times.

"Clara:"


Some Scattered Chapters
in the Life of a Hussey."

By A. NEIL LYONS.

(The Bodley Head.)

Clara had been the author's nurse, and her sympathetic personality was early removed from his nursery on a charge of theft. She liked pretty things, and she liked treating folks, so the cuckoo-clock found in her trunk, and the half-crowns irremediably lost were brought up against her. She went off to prison with great philosophy, blowing a kiss to her charge, and in adult, or, at least, adolescent years,

(Continued overleaf.)




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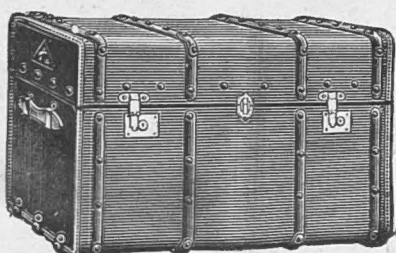
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her charge retrieved her among the hawkers on Ludgate Hill. A renewal of friendship with Clara is responsible for this witty little book. Clara's *milieu* might be described in her own idiom as "hot stuff." Fundamentally, it is more like our own than it looks. Such sketches as these help to the realisation of that basis, and help, therefore, to the love at best, and tolerance at worst, which comes with comprehension. Very rarely does Mr. Lyons fall into the ready snare of sentimentality set for all but the strongest explorer of the slums. His particular antidote to their squalor and misery is humour. That is Clara's affair, and she sees to it that the larks, troubles, and turns of the submerged tenth shall provide nothing but delightful "copy."

Last week's example of our striking series of silhouettes by photography, it will be recalled, was a portrait of Miss Neilson-Terry. We regret to find that in this case we inadvertently omitted to mention the name of the photographer, Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

Five more volumes (Vols. XVI. to XX.) have recently been issued of the excellent Swanston Edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Vol. XVI. contains "Records of a Family of Engineers," "Additional Memories and Portraits," "Later Essays," "Lay Morals," and "Prayers Written for Family Use at Vailima." It has a frontispiece showing R. L. S. watching a devil-priest making incantations. Vol. XVII. contains "A Footnote to History" and "Island Nights' Entertainments." Vol. XVIII. contains "In the South Seas" and "Letters from Samoa," and has an interesting

map to illustrate Stevenson's wanderings in the South Seas. Vol. XIX. contains "The Ebb-Tide" and "Weir of Hermiston," and has as frontispiece a photograph showing Stevenson with a number of friends, natives, and others, drinking in a saloon in the Gilbert Islands. Vol. XX. contains "St. Ives." The photograph which forms the frontispiece shows R. L. S. in another guise—as sailor. He is seen in the rigging in the bow of the schooner *Equator*, with a group of the crew.

That truly national institution, "Whitaker's Almanack," is now to be supplemented (not, be it noted, superseded) by a companion volume, which will doubtless take its place as an equally indispensable institution, that will be international. In other words, the publishers, Messrs. J. Whitaker and Sons, of 12, Warwick Lane, are preparing a new book, "The International Whitaker," which gives a graphic and concise account of every country in the world, and a mass of detail concerning every nation, such as has never before been presented in a single handy volume. The book is to be published early in December, and the price, in cloth binding, will be only 2s. net—a moderate sum for 700 pages of useful information. "The International Whitaker" will certainly be awaited with a great deal of interest.

We hear that Mr. W. Duncan Knight, J.P., has resigned his position on the Board of Directors of Messrs. John Knight, Limited, and that the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. John Wilson Hope, has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Company. Mr. S. Barnett, of the Civil Service Supply Association, Ltd., has joined the Board.

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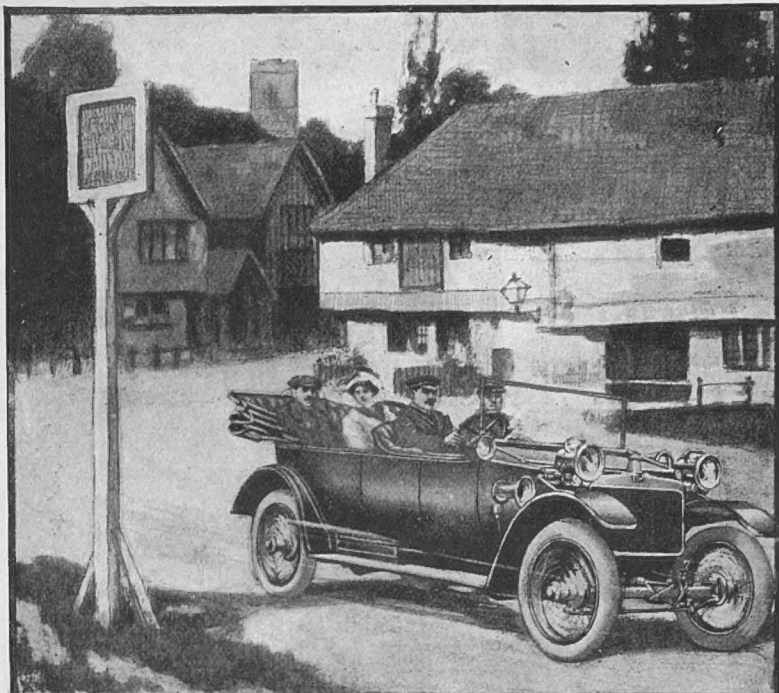
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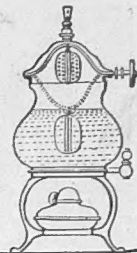


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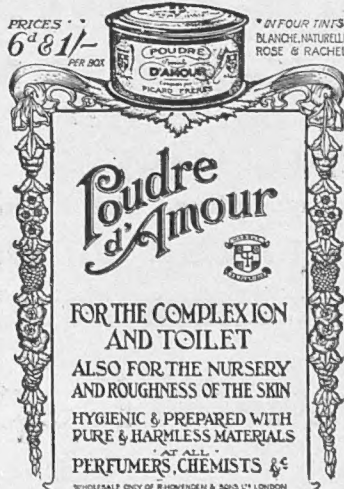
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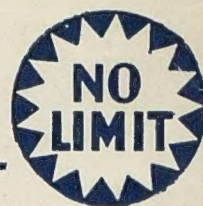
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